

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company.

Washington Union Coal Company.



JANUARY, 1925

DODGE BROTHERS

Announce

A substantial reduction in the
prices of their Passenger Cars
effective December 1st, 1924

McCurtain Motor Company

Rock Springs, Wyoming

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Silks and all kinds of

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Rock Springs, Wyoming

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company

Washington Union Coal Company

VOLUME 2

JANUARY, 1925

NUMBER 1

Do We Look Better? Yes! Thank You!

HERE we are, Number One, Volume Two, entering our second year with a Happy New Year to all. Longfellow, the poet, out of a great personal sorrow years ago said, "Look not mournfully into the past, it has gone, wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart." We are "Attention, forward march," and we are not altogether ashamed of the past, even if old "tempus" does "fugit" to "beat the band" with all except the man who is in jail, and time passes slowly indeed with him.

Mr. Murphy has given us a new cover design and new headings, our electrotypers are doing their very best and our printers—we will see what they have done for us. Everyone has been patient while a few "from the face" have tried to learn the "fourth estate." We hope you will like the cut and hang of our new clothes and send us something good from time to time to help The Employees' Magazine. Cheerio!

The Passing of Samuel Gompers

*"God bless our American Institutions.
May they grow better day by day."*

WITH these words on his lips, his last utterance, Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, an organization of working men nearly 2,900,000 strong, passed away at 4:10 o'clock of the morning of December 13th, 1924.

Born in a slum quarter of London, England, January 27th, 1850, the son of a working cigar maker, with Jewish blood in his veins, he was put to work in a shoe factory at ten, and shortly thereafter was apprenticed to the cigar making trade. When but thirteen years of age the family, with other relatives, emigrated to America, locating in New York City. Life flowed swiftly with Gompers, the boy, who was a journeyman cigar maker and a member of the union at fourteen and married at seventeen.

The first of eight children, raised in a household where children from necessity became bread-winners at a tender age, the opportunity for schooling was extremely limited, his school room days lasting from but his sixth to his tenth year. However, like thousands of others, Gompers became an educated man, attending night schools for four years, his mother, a woman of excellent education, encouraging the boy and young man to study and read, a habit that prevailed with him to the end.

In 1881 Mr. Gompers was elected President of the Federation of Trades and Labor Unions (this organization later changing its name to the American Federation of Labor). Continuing to act as President since 1881 to his death, with the exception of the year 1895, when John McBride, President of the United Mine Workers, displaced him as the result of factional differences, Mr. Gompers returning to the office of President in 1896, his last re-election taking place in El Paso, Texas, late in November, 1924.

During his forty-three years of leadership, labor made steady and deserved headway, the progress effected due more to the persistent demands of Samuel Gompers that good citizenship, a definite respect for our form of government and the complete exclusion of all socialistic and Bolshevistic doctrines be made the basis of labor's platform. The course so charted was often a stormy one, and like Lincoln, Mr. Gompers suffered many bitter attacks, however, with the one exception noted, his policies prevailed.

Our western world has produced numerous examples of the poor alien boy rising through his unaided efforts to a position of commanding influence in world affairs, and no finer example has occurred than that of Samuel Gompers, the cigar maker, the personal friend of four Presidents, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson. Honored by foreign governments, by social and political organizations, Mr. Gompers was ever the alert partisan of labor and good

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government, and though he at times seemed, to some at least, unreasonable and over persistent in his demands, no one can now look back over his long and useful career, without recalling his great service to working men and women the world over, and neither can we forget his untiring sympathy for and the service rendered to toiling children.

Political honors were tendered this great commoner and the door of business opportunity was unlocked for him more than once, but he preferred to serve in the cause he early enlisted in, receiving his death stroke while attending a labor conference in the City of Mexico, the final chapter in a task that engaged him from the immature age of fourteen until his death at seventy-four.

It was a long weary road that this man travelled, beginning when as an unknown boy in the dark, poverty stricken East Side of London as it existed in 1850, toiling when he should have been occupied in building up his body and mind, crossing the Atlantic as an emigrant in a crowded steerage at thirteen, accepting work bravely, using his hands by day and improving his store of knowledge by night study, embracing American Citizenship at twenty-one; then on through a period of internal warfare, beset not always by those from whom he expected opposition, but at times to an even greater extent by those in whose cause he had enlisted and to whom he had dedicated his life.

Samuel Gompers rests in the cemetery of Sleepy Hollow, near Tarrytown, New York, a spot made famous by Washington Irving, and lying just outside that great driving, pulsating city where swarm millions of that same alien blood that was Samuel Gompers when he entered through Castle Garden in 1863. He rests alongside of Carnegie, the great iron master, an alien also, Arhbold, who topped the Standard Oil Company, and Carl Schurz, patriot, soldier and statesman, who was also foreign born.

We like to vision the poor boys who come to our shores faltering, to go out in the end as becomes kings. Such is America, and no man knew its opportunities better than Samuel Gompers.

The Station Christmas Tree

IN December, 1923, The Union Pacific Coal Company asked permission to illuminate one of the evergreen trees that stand in the station grounds at Rock Springs, and throughout the Christmas and New Years period this tree, with its myriad colored electric lights, shone as a symbol and a beacon to the people of Rock Springs and surrounding villages, then each evening, when the long trains that daily carry their hundreds across the continent, stopped for a brief period in front of the station grounds, passengers, whose enforced journeys had taken them away from home, were cheered and made happy by their glimpse of a real Christmas Tree.

This year the Southern Wyoming Electric Company took up the good work, and under the direction of Mr. McKeehan and Mr. Outsen, the station grounds Christmas Tree again said its message of "On earth peace, good will toward all men."

The American Federation of Labor

WITH the death of Samuel Gompers, William Green, Secretary-Treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America, was, on December 19, 1924, elected to succeed the man whose tenure of office as head of the organization was but once broken, and then but for a year while John McBride, a mine worker, served as President.

William Green, a native of Ohio, of English-Welsh parentage, worked for some years as a coal miner in the Coshocton field, later taking official position with the Miners' Union. He is a man of marked ability and high character, with a breadth of vision that eminently fits him for the important duties that attach to the office he has assumed.

Mr. Green has been a firm supporter of President Lewis and has ranked high in Union councils, and will without doubt proceed along the safe, constructive lines followed by his predecessor.

All mine workers should be proud to know that a man from their craft has been called to the most important place now occupied by William Green, who resigned the position of Secretary-Treasurer of the Mine Workers' Union.

The Bonus and Politics

A FEW months ago the President vetoed a bonus bill which was in turn passed over his head. Behind the demand for the bonus, sometimes referred to as "Adjusted Compensation," there stood a vociferous minority of ex-soldiers and a proportionately large number of politicians. Many ex-service men publicly disclaimed a desire for a bonus, expressing the opinion that their sense of duty well done was sufficient reward. Some 4,500,000 war survivors are entitled to the provisions of the bonus act, yet on December first last, six months after the enactment of the law but 1,300,000 men had made applications for compensation. Of late the Federal Government has been urging the men to hurry with their applications without material result.

Thinking people are rapidly coming to the conclusion that the President was right in his veto, and that the cry for a bonus emanated from the throats of the minority that frequently makes the "big noise," the so-called statesmen who voted "yes" largely influenced by political cowardice rather than a sense of justice.

The Tono Christmas Tree

TONO always has Christmas trees, but this year Superintendent Hann and his aides arranged to select and illuminate with vari-colored electric lights, a huge tree that sent out a cheery "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" to every person in the Village of Tono. Mr. Hann says the big outdoor tree is to be an annual institution from now on.

Mrs. Gray's Christmas Message

AT 6:00 P. M. Central time, 5:00 P. M. Mountain Time, Sunday, December 21st, Mrs. Carl R. Gray of Omaha sent to her thousands of friends living throughout the United States a Christmas radio message, one that was definitely inspiring and helpful. Following two vocal selections, this gifted woman announced her subject, the lesson and message specially prepared for and dedicated to the Wyoming friends who were privileged to listen to her at Rock Springs and Green River on October 28th and 29th last.

Across the plains of Nebraska and the high lands of Wyoming the message of love and Christmas greeting flashed by Woodmen of the World Radio Station WOAW, was taken up in homes and public places, and this host of God's mysteries, words sent winging through space, flowed into the hearts and souls of those who were listening. And thus a new avenue has been opened to the many who wish to hear the word and who are deprived of the opportunity of personal church service. Mrs. Gray will continue her Radio Bible Lessons throughout the winter.

A Beautiful Innovation

ON Christmas Eve the Army of Girl Scouts took Rock Springs, not by force but by singing Christmas Carols. Dividing the city into districts, the Scouts went out just at dusk to sing to those who wished to hear, and there were none who did not, particular attention being given to those listeners who were unable to attend divine service in the churches during the day.

Many windows held lighted candles to guide the girls to homes where listeners waited. The troops, each accompanied by an escort, who sang were:

Rock Springs Troops

No. 2, with Captain M. Redmon.

No. 3, with Captain Jessie McDairmid and Lieutenant Jane Beck.

No. 4, with Captain L. Morrison and Lieutenant Sheddor.

No. 5, with Captain R. Burt and Lieutenant Hulmg.

No. 6, with Captain Cornielson and Lieutenant Dorothy Bell.

Reliance Troop

No. 1, with Captain Buckles and Lieutenant M. Kelly.

And thus an old, old custom, beautiful in spirit, has been taken over by Rock Springs and made a part of itself.

Another Opportunity

THE MAGAZINE of October last contained Judge Walter Malone's inspiring poem, "Opportunity." Finley Peter Dunne of Chicago, the author of the famous Dooley papers, much in the public eye as far back as 1898, launches a new brand of Opportunity at us. The Dooley says, says he:

"Opporehunity knocks at every man's dure wanst. On some men's duro it hammers till it breaks the dure down, an' thin it goes in an' wakes him up if he's asleep, an' afterwards it wurks f'r him as a night watchman. On other men's dures it knocks an' runs away; an' on the dures of some men it knocks an' thin they come out it hits him over th' head with an axo. But every man has an opporehunity."

And of coorse, that's that! P'haps Dooley is rite.

Robert Burns, His Birthday

IT IS HARD to find a coal mining community that does not contain Scotsmen, and to those who are of us, we commend the eloquent written article published elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine commemorative of the poet's birthday. Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett, the author, one of the great army of brilliant newspaper correspondents, singularly gifted, has in his presentation touched alike the high and the low notes of Burns' life and his, alas, too short singing career. Burns' short span of existence was a sorrowful one, but strange to say the words and music that make indelible and lasting impressions on the human heart have ever been written in the minor key, and that is why he sings on and on in the hearts of millions.

In addition to Mr. O'Donnell's tribute, our own George B. Pryde, who is a braw bit of a Scotsman himself, has favored us with an original tribute to Scotland's Bard. Mr. Pryde, a life long admirer of Burns, has handled his subject in an inspiring manner, and we hope to make a review of poesy and poets a feature of the Magazine in 1925.

Ireland a Nation

IRELAND is in a fair way at last to return to the status she occupied years ago as a nation. With a minister representing the Irish Free State, located and functioning in our National Capital, and with accredited membership in the League of Nations, she is well on the way.

Nations, however, like Labor Unions, must develop and maintain business methods, and it is to be hoped that the world will soon see one Ireland, and not a North and South Ireland, a condition which overshadows the Irish people today. We trust that the civil war just experienced by the little Green Island will turn out as well as our own struggle, with a resultant cementation of the Irish people.

Sad—But True

MANY a man and many a woman, too, wants to be recognized as his or her own boss. Old P. D. Armour didn't believe that there was any such thing.

"There ain't any such thing as being your own boss unless you're a tramp," he said once. "But if a man wants to be foolish, give him his head. There is no easier way to cure foolishness than to give a man leave to be foolish. A man can't do what he pleases any way, but the higher he climbs, the harder it is to do anything he pleases, because the plainer people can see him."

A casual laborer may wander from one place to another and disappear without many people caring very much. But no one who holds a position of importance can escape from life quite so easily. The lives of too many other people are connected closely with his. The higher up you go, the more lives you affect, the less freedom of speech and action you can have.—Tom Dreier, in *Forbes Magazine* (N. Y.).

Shale Dusting in the Union Pacific Coal Company Mines

By John A. Smith, Safety Engineer

FOR a great many years the hazards of coal dust were not recognized and it has only been within the past two decades that it has generally been accepted by the entire coal mining fraternity that dust alone, with no methane present, could originate and propagate disastrous explosions.

As early as 1906, in an explosion in his colliery at Altofts, England, William E. Garforth had noted that in portions of his mine containing a certain proportion of natural shale and other inert dust, that the force and the propagation of the explosion was apparently checked. He later built an experimental gallery to prove this theory. Later the gallery and experiments were taken over by the British Government and tests were made up to the opening of hostilities in 1914. This work was also being conducted by the mining experimental stations of the French, Belgian, German and United States governments.

During the war nothing was done, but immediately upon the signing of peace experimental work was again taken up and to-day there are practically no coal mines in Great Britain which are not thoroughly dusted with a shale, limestone or some inert dust.

Among the first companies in this country to experiment with rock dusting were the Delagua mine of the Victor American Fuel Company, Delagua, Colorado, and the Reliance No. 1 mine of the Union Pacific.

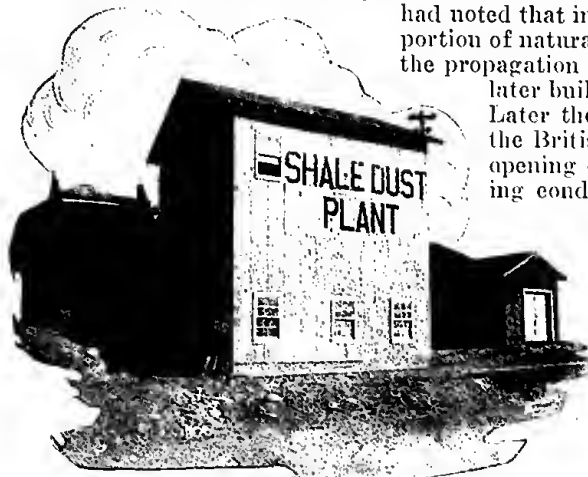
This was done about 1911. At the former place an inert dust was placed on shelves along the entries and air courses, and at Reliance adobe dust was gathered on the outside and spread to a thickness of from eight inches to a foot on the main intakes and haulageways. It was thought that the constant travel of men, animals and trips would sufficiently pulverize the adobe that it would readily be carried by the air currents and deposited on the ribs and timbers. Owing to the uncertain effects this dust might have upon the lungs of the employees, it was soon discontinued at Reliance.

Within the past few years, as a result of the studies of the Bureau of Mines and of the satisfactory results obtained by eastern companies, a great impetus has been given to shale and rock dusting throughout the United States.

In order to keep Union Pacific Coal Company Engineer visit and study out the country where satisfactory results were being obtained with a view to introducing their systems into its mines.

Following the example of the Old Ben Coal Corporation of Southern Illinois, the Union Pacific has recently installed a large crushing and pulverizing plant at Rock Springs. This plant is a "Roe-Dust" Unit purchased from the Williams Patent Crusher & Pulverizing Company of St. Louis. This plant will have a capacity of one and one-half tons per hour, 98 per cent of which will pass through a 200-mesh screen.

abreast with the most modern practices, The company, during the past summer, has had its Safety shale dusting in a large number of mines through-



Shale Dust Plant at Rock Springs.



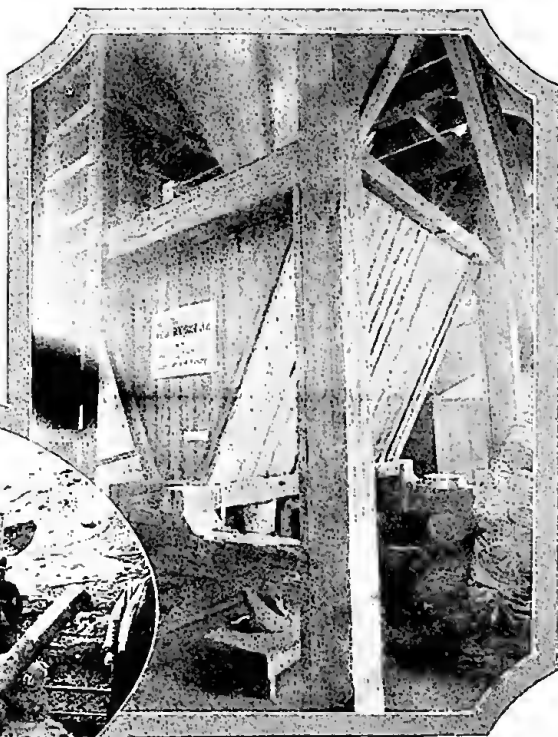
Reliance Shale Dust Machine in Action.
Archie Auld Operator.

Next, it was necessary to locate a readily available shale deposit which would meet the needs. A shale to be suitable for this work should be light in color (to increase underground illumination), it should be high in ash, and to comply with Bureau of Mines standards should contain but a very small percentage of silica. A shale bed meeting these requirements was found about 8 miles west of Rock Springs on the Lincoln Highway. Analysis of this shale by the Government laboratories shows 99.3% ash, or non-combustible content, and from 3 to 5% silica. When ground to a 200-mesh fineness it is almost flour white in color.

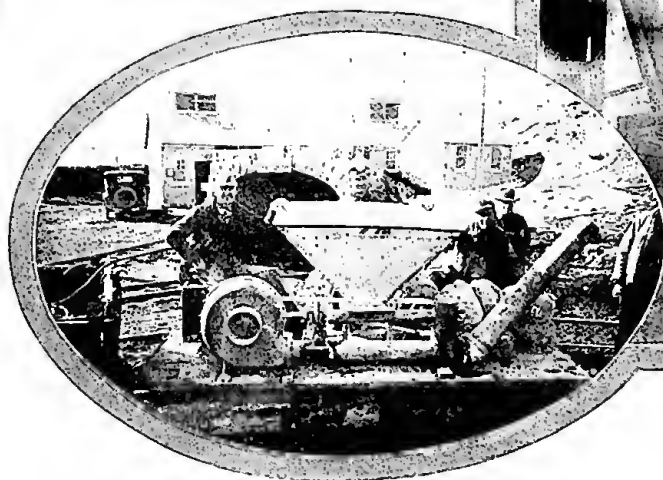
This dust will be applied in the mine by specially designed machines. At each of the several camps of the Union Pacific machines are being built, and as far as possible each with a different principle and embodying something new in design. At this writing the most satisfactory machine, and the only one which has been tried to any extent, is the one at Reliance. This machine, designed and built by Superintendent Foster and Master Mechanic Gibbs, is different in principle from any yet tried in that the feed of the dust to the exhaust consists of a screw feed from hopper to the fan exhaust.

Essentially, this machine consists of a No. 3 Sturtevant fan, 2200 revolutions per minute, belt driven by a 5-horse power motor. Worm feed is driven by a gear wheel, at approximately 60 R.P.M. This worm rather than discharging directly into the fan exhaust, discharges into an upright 6-inch pipe and the dust is then drawn into the exhaust by gravity and aspiration. It has been found that this feed gives an extremely uniform flow of

Side view of Shale Dusting Machine with Messrs. Billy Pryde, Jimmy Jones, Archie Auld and Scotty Spence, Reliance.



Interior view of Pulverizing Plant at Rock Springs.



dust, and that as the machine is moved at approximately one mile per hour, that the deposit on ribs and roof is very satisfactory. Hopper is built to hold 1,000 pounds of dust and additional supply is carried in sacks in a pit car attached to machine. This machine will dust approximately 3,000 feet per hour and requires about 2 pounds per lineal foot.

While it is considered that a mine in which all entries and air courses are adequately dusted is safe against explosion propagation, as a secondary line of defense "V" trough barriers are being installed at entry and air course intersections. These consist of 16 troughs to a battery, each trough holding approximately 400 pounds, so suspended that they will be tipped by the pioneer wave of an explosion, thus discharging their contents into the air currents and forming a dust which would extinguish the flame.

While no coal dust explosions have occurred in mines that were thoroughly shale dusted, sufficient time has not yet elapsed to make this convincing, but the immunity so far experienced is most favorable.

Robert Burns or the Nightingale

By James O'Donnell Bennett

THE PLOWBOY POET BURNS was born near Ayr, Scotland, January 25th, 1759; dying at Dumfries, Scotland, July 21st, 1796.

Though 129 years have elapsed since the grave closed on the mortal form of Robert Burns, the passage of time only serves to add lustre to an undying fame.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

WHY BURNS SANG

A peasant born in a cottage that no sanitary inspector in these days would tolerate for a moment; struggling with desperate effort against pauperism, almost in vain; snatching at scraps of learning in the intervals of toil, as it were, with his teeth; a heavy, silent lad, proud of his ploughing. All of a sudden, without preface or warning, he breaks out into exquisite song, like a nightingale from the brushwood, and continues singing as sweetly—with nightingale pauses—till he dies. A nightingale sings because he cannot help it; he can only sing exquisitely, because he knows no other way. So it was with Burns. What is this but inspiration? One can no more measure or reason about it than one can measure or reason about Niagara.

(1913)

LORD ROSEBURY.

IN midsummer of the year 1796 Robert Burns lay dying in a meagre tenement in Dumfries. He lay dying the whiles of cursing a haberdasher to whom he owes a bill for £10 and who threatens to jail him. There is no irony so bitter in the mournful annals of the poets. 'Tis as

TO A MOUSE

On Turning Her Up in Her Nest with the Plough, November, 1785.

[Stanza I.: sleekit—sleek; brattle—shrill chattering; pattle—stick for cleaning plough.]

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,

Wi' hickering brattle!

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,

Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion

Has broken nature's social union,

An' justifies that ill opinion

Which makes thee startle

At me, thy poor earth-born companion,

An' fellow-mortal!

[Stanza III.: daimenicker—occasional ear of corn; thrave—sheaf; lave—what's left.]

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thrive;
What thou? poor beastie, thou maun live!

A daimenicker in a thrave,

'S a sma' request;

I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,

And never miss 't!

[Stanza IV.: big—build; snell—biting or bitter; foggage—forage.]

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!

Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!

An' naething, now, to big a new ane,

O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's winds ensuin',

Baith snell and keen!

[Stanza V.: coulter—sharp fore iron of a plough.]

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,

An' weary winter comin' fast,

An' cozie here, beneath the blast,

Thou thought to dwell,

'Till crash! the cruel coulter past

Out thro' thy cell.

[Stanza VI.: but—without; hald—abiding place; cranreuch—hoar-frost; thole—to endure.]

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble

Has cost thee many a weary nibble!

Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,

But house or hald,

To thole the winter's sleety dribble,

An' cranreuch cauld!

if an angel, caught by trivial snares, railed against the disarray of his wings. Those death-bed counsellors who elect ever untimely to admonish bend over him, urging him to express belief and trust in Him whom they officiously call his Lord. A gleam of the old bedevilment flashes from the suffering man, and, half in ribaldry, half in wrath, he replies, "Hush! hush! In a hundred years they will be worshipping me."

A Scotchman communicated that story to Longfellow after he had read the poet's verses addressed to Burns which end—

His presence haunts this room tonight,—

A form of mingled mist and light,

From that far coast.

Welcome beneath this roof of mine!

Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,

Dear guest and ghost!

The Scotchman deprecated those lines, saying, "The last verse of your poem made me feel that it was an effort to hold fellowship and friendly intercourse with one in the place of eternal woe."

Hush! hush! In a hundred years they will be worshipping me.

The just years work strange fulfillments. Years three and sixty pass. It is the twenty-fifth day of January, 1859, and the scene is Boston—the banquet room of the old Parker House. The famous of that illustrious town are assembled to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. A tall, spare man approaching sixty, as pure a spirit as goodness and philosophy ever parented, rises in his place at the speakers' table to make the closing speech of the program. "He looked," says Lowell, who in a precious half-page has recorded the aspect of Ralph Waldo Emerson on that occasion,—"he looked far away over the heads of his hearers, with a vague kind of invention, and the winged period came at last, obedient to his spell."

Wilt thou hear him? Now amid a silence that only breathes, now amid brief rushes of clamorous applause, he is coming to the closing half-page of what we now possess in four and a half pages—perhaps the most perfect after-dinner speech in the literature of that kind:

[Stanza VII.: no thy lane—not alone;
agley—awry.]

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid scheme o' mice an' men,
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promis'd joy!

[Stanza VIII.: ee—eye.]

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee;
But, oh! I backward cast my ee,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

Judge Hoar of Concord was among those who heard the words. "White-hot iron we are familiar with," he said long afterward, "but white-hot silver is what we do not often look upon, and his inspiring address glowed like silver fresh from the cupel." In no canting sense, but in the loving sense—love that forgave much and was thankful for more—they were words of worship. "Every word," says Lowell's record, "seemed to have just dropped down to him from the clouds. . . . 'My dainty Ariel!' he seemed murmuring to himself as he cast down his eyes, as if in deprecation of the frenzy of applause. . . . It was an interesting study, how the quick sympathy ran flashing from face to face down the long tables, like an electric spark thrilling as it went, and then exploded in a thunder of plaudits."

The memory of Burns,—I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say.

That was the admonition of a great man. A little man wisely may heed it. And so heeding, I think we do better to go to Burns' book than laboriously to seek new things to say about him. There are none. A hundred and thirty-seven years of worshipful utterance—I count from the appearance of the pathetic little Kilmarnock edition in 1786—has said them all. Burns' poems are his complete biography and commentary. In them he told his loves, his joys, his errors, his bitter regrets, his blazing rebellions, his piteous defeats. He sang of the fireside that sheltered him, of the fields that nurtured and taught him, of the taverns that ruined him, of the women who loved and forgave him and whose hearts he broke. Divine ploughboy, errant lover, tippler, sinner, he is visible at full length, in all his angelic tenderness, in all his wanton wrongheadedness, in those now exultant, now contrite heart-cries of his. These are his living biographies, ringing with his laughter, wet with his tears, crackling with his revolt, tragic with his penitence and his capitulation.

HIGHLAND MARY

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your
flowers,

Your waters never drumlie!
There summer first unfald her robes,
And there the lughest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell!
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hac kiss'd sae fondly;
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

nae fear o' your heart; but close your eyes and open your ears, and you'll lose it." And so it was on this November day when the coulter of Rob's plough "turned up mousie in her nest." He

. . . But I am detaining you too long. The memory of Burns,—I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say. The west winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you, and harken for the incoming tide, what the waves say of it. The doves perching always on the eaves of the Stone Chapel opposite may know something about it. Every name in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns,—every man's, every boy's and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and they say them by heart, and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them—nay, the music boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them, the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.

Study then these things. Study the elaborated—the perhaps o'erelaborated "Cotter's Saturday Night"—which is in his classic and more or less imitative manner, and which vouchsafes you a more vivid picture of the kinsfolk, the boyhood, the early home, and the homely ways of this man than memory can paint you of your own childhood. Study then—nay, not study, but rejoice in those lyrics, spontaneous and incomparable, which have come to be more truly in his classic manner because—strange wizardry of untutored genius!—by means of them he made a rustic dialect classic. He incorporated the speech of a region into the literature of an empire and a republic.

Song fell from his lips as readily as the words of daily greeting and the frequent commonplace fall from the lips of other men. In November, 1785, when he was six and twenty, he is ploughing the meagre home fields. He is unknown save to his countryside, and there known only as roysterer and philanderer with a pretty gift for ballad and blarney. "Open your eyes," said one of the Ayrshire lasses, "and shut your ears wi' Rob Burns, and there's

The Development of the Superior School System

By George Norman Green, Supt. of Schools

ALTHOUGH it is not so written in the fundamental law of the land, our National Constitution, it is a born privilege of every American boy and girl to receive a good education. Democracy itself could not exist were not this an American truth, unwritten though it be.

For several years all parties interested have realized that the youths of Superior have not received in full measure this portion of their God-given heritage; but with the dawn of the New Year will come a definite step toward its fulfillment, for when the copper-throated school bell echoes all through the granite walls of Horse Thief Canyon, bidding the children return to duty after a very merry Yuletide holiday, it will fling wide new portals.

The story of making this possible is a most interesting one and will sound to the world removed from the big coal camp up here on the "Roof of America" almost as fiction.

September, 1922, marked the annual opening of the Superior schools. A brand new faculty looked upon a distressful situation. There were 325 students, 13 teachers, some desks, some books, a frame school building, so much too small that two private residences had to be pressed into use, and a janitor, all assembled on 2nd B Hill as the Superior school system.

Immediately all forces combined efforts and began putting across a much needed educational program in Superior. While The Union Pacific Coal Company officials and the Board of Education worked upon a building program, the faculty started a search for the needs of the boys and girls. It wasn't difficult to determine the needs, hence the problem of the latter group became that of MEETING the needs.

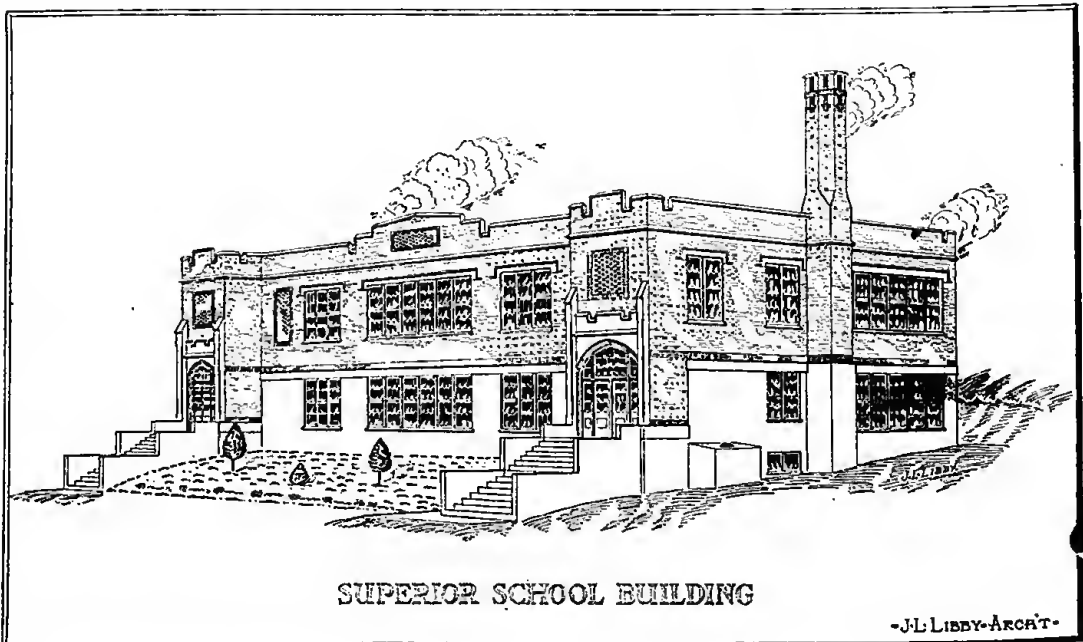
A stove was placed in the basement of the school building, and a Home Economics teacher employed to teach the girls to cook and sew. Later in the year a

school nurse was introduced into the system to teach sanitation and to promote a health program.

The summer of 1923 was a busy one. Three new departments were planned. With the generous aid of Mr. Holen, our Mines Superintendent, who has always been a real booster for Superior's social welfare, quarters were found for these added necessities. A Manual Training shop was equipped in the basement of the school building and benches and tools enough for classes containing fourteen boys at a time were installed. Equipment for competitive athletics was purchased and the Opera House used as a gymnasium, with Mr. L. P. Williams, an Ames graduate and athlete, selected to coach athletics and act as high school principal. Teams were placed in the Western Wyoming High School League in football and basketball. A Music Department was created, with a studio furnished where every girl, having access to a piano, was given free lessons in the afternoons, while in the mornings public school music was taught throughout the grade classrooms.

Then, on November 17, 1923, came a red letter event. Hon. Lewis C. Tidball, State Commissioner of Education, called upon us, inspected our system, and placed our high school on the State department's approved list. A first permanent mile stone! Elements shaped themselves so that the opportune moment was at hand for the building program to be presented in full.

Today a splendid edifice is nearing completion. It contains eleven classrooms, including a fine kitchen, a spacious sewing room, a well equipped science laboratory, a commercial department where Typewriting and Bookkeeping will be taught, a library, a large study hall, a girls' rest room, a music studio, a principal's office and a Superintendent's office. It is modern throughout. A detailed description may be found elsewhere in this magazine by Mr. James Libby, the archi-



teet, whose faithful services on this building program are above estimating.

Our grade building, too, has been remodelled. Ventilation, heating and lighting have been corrected in accordance with Wyoming School Laws. The Health Clinic will be quartered in this building also.

Therefore with the passing of Old Man 1924 will go the days when Superior boys and girls had not a just chance. And with the first crimson sunrise of the New Year will arrive also a rightful opportunity to receive a good education, since the new building will be ready for occupancy then.

It is the purpose of the Superior schools to educate soundly, yet practically. Every boy and girl who is graduated from our system will be equipped with an education in fundamentals, that is, in the 3 famous "R's" expanded, yet ably prepared to earn their own living. Our girls can go out as teachers, as home-makers, or into fields of business. Our boys, with a fair knowledge of trades, because the new building affords an opportunity for us to put into effect our yet undeveloped plan for vocational training. And such a practical field as our Town affords! A machine shop, a foundry, a carpenter shop, and a resident mining engineer.

The New Year will find us at home in our high school building, a mighty happy school of 425 students, twenty teachers, and a most enthusiastic school board.

In conclusion, let me say that this little story, aside from the facts presented on the face of these pages, contains no small degree of emotional registration. To parties most closely involved in perfecting a proper school system at Superior, there have been times though when the search for the "silver lining" seemed to be a continual one, that there could be no brighter side. Yet how worth-while it all has been! How gratifying to watch day by day the bricks in our delightful building creep upward; to see erected and to see standing as a result of intense effort a real thumbprint on one page of Time's many-leaved Book.

To the boys and girls of Superior I wish to leave this word: The new building, within whose walls are knowledge and wisdom, is for you a cup—spurn and you gain naught, sip lightly and you are in danger, so drink deeply that you may be better prepared for the vicissitudes of life and thus be better citizens of community, state and nation.

Superior School Building

By J. L. Libby, Arch't.

THE newly erected school building at Superior, Wyoming, is a two-story structure of Collegiate Gothic Architecture, having a frontage of 108 feet and a depth of 56 feet. The exterior walls of the first story are of concrete with a stucco finish; the superstructure is of light colored brick, with dark mortar joints, and red brick headers. Flemish bond panels, window groupings, entrances and a trim of gray granite cast stone relieve the plain walls.

Main entrances are at either end of the building. This arrangement with spacious hall and stairways permit all rooms to be easily accessible.

Five rooms, consisting of a Chemistry Laboratory, Domestic Science Room, Domestic Art Room and two class rooms are on the first floor. The Home Economics rooms and Chemistry Laboratory are furnished with electric and all other necessary equipment. A study hall, library, two recitation and one class room, Commercial Department, rest room and two offices comprise the second floor.

The class rooms are standard in design and furnishings. Cloak alcoves and teachers' closets are provided. The windows are grouped and placed to furnish proper lighting for all rooms and hallways.

Ventilation is provided by means of a gravity system, with exhaust flues connecting all rooms and halls

with the roof ventilators. Stemm pipes are placed in the exhaust flues to produce a strong up-current for removal of impure air.

The heating system is low pressure gravity return steam, with vacuum specialties and direct radiation. The boiler is installed in a fireproof basement.

All plumbing is modern and sanitary. A heater and tank furnish hot water at all fixtures. Drinking fountains are placed in the halls. Due consideration has been given to location, lighting and ventilation.

Fire safety is observed in the construction. Fully equipped fire hydrants are placed on each floor, and fire extinguishers distributed throughout the building.

Additional safety is assured by doors being placed between the class rooms, which provide means of passing from one room to another, from any and all rooms to the fire exit doors which are in the rear of the building on each floor, and to the main entrances.

This building, in connection with the remodeled school building, is adequate for the requirements of the community, and compares favorably with modern city schools elsewhere.

New Colored Baptist Church at Hanna

By T. H. Butler

The dedication services held at the Colored Baptist Church here on Sunday, December the 14th, were well attended and much enjoyed by a number of our white citizens, who joined with the colored folks to formally dedicate their new Church to the services of God.

The program for the day opened with services at the Church in the morning, the Rev. W. T. Green, Field Secretary and Financial Agent of the Inter-Mountain States Baptist Association, officiating. At 12 o'clock, noon, a sumptuous repast was served at the First Aid Hall, in appreciation of the assistance given by the citizens of Hanna toward the purchase and erection of the Church, and same was well attended, and very much enjoyed by all participating.

At 3:00 P. M. another service was held. Rev. S. L. Morgan, Pastor of the Episcopal Church, led in prayer. Addresses were made by Mr. G. W. Hughes, Rev. S. L. Morgan, Rev. W. T. Green, T. H. Butler, and Miss L. B. Mayo, President of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Inter-Mountain Baptist Association, for Idaho, Utah, and Wyoming. Old time hymns and Jubilee songs were sung. Mrs. S. L. Morgan, wife of the Pastor of the Episcopal Church, officiated at the organ. At the conclusion of the dedicatory ceremonies, the congregation and officiating Pastors, Deacons and Laymen again repaired to the First Aid Hall, where there awaited them fried chicken and all the good things that go with it.

Rev. W. T. Green was assisted by the Rev. S. L. Morgan at the evening service.

Much credit and honor is due the handful of colored people here, for their untiring efforts and hard work in connection with the purchase and erection of the Church; we make special mention of Mrs. Charles Brooks, who since arriving here from her home in Indiana, has been a tireless worker in the interest of the Church and the uplifting of her race. May she be spared for many years to come, so that she may continue to carry on the good work, started by her, is the wish of her many friends here.

POLITICS ISN'T MERELY SOMETHING THEY DO DOWN IN WASHINGTON. IT IS SOMETHING THEY DO RIGHT HERE IN OUR OWN TOWN, AND THEY DO IT TO OUR TAXES, AND OUR SCHOOLS AND OUR STREETS AND OUR RENTS AND THE COST OF OUR FOOD.

SELECTED.

Exit of "Killer of Green River Lake"

By A. W. Dickinson

"KER-CHUNG! Ker-ehung—the light drill rig creaked and struggled with the heavy string of tools cutting at the bottom of a five-hundred foot hole.

"What say?" This from "Red" the helper, blue eyed and titian crowned, as he wiped the sweat away and smiled good-naturedly at his companion.

"That'll do for today, we ought to finish by tomorrow night," replied "Happy," the driller. "This has been a tough hole but we haven't done so bad, "Red," and say, I've got the purtiest little sixteen gauge in town you ever saw."

"Frank said to come over tonight. He's been thinking of what we said about up north and wants to talk it over, let's get him to come along, "Hap."

So in the evening they talked it over, Frank Raymond, the moulder, Mrs. Raymond, "Red" and "Happy" Jack, kindred spirits all, with a love for the wilds and the hunting of big game which tugged at them year after year as they worked for their livelihood in and around the mines in Southern Wyoming. The Raymonds were to proceed to the camp site on the seventeenth of September and "Hap" and Red would come on the following day.

Leaving Winton, a coal mining community where "Hap" and "Red" base, they drove on the seventeenth to Art Rosene's ranch, north of Cora, and put up there for the night. In the morning they drove to Kendall Ranger Station, where "Red" keeps his horses, and after transferring the outfit to the packs, "Red" took the trail by way of Gypsum Park and Little Sheep Mountain to the camp site, one thousand feet northwest of the lower end of Green River Lake, while "Hap" drove his automobile around by the wagon trail. The Raymonds were on the ground with camp made, and after pitching the last arrivals' tent the party took on some duck shooting with good success and "Hap" fell in love with his new sixteen gauge gun. Supper of duck in the dutch-oven and sour dough bread and all hands turned in.

Morning, Friday the nineteenth, came on with snow and the gentle fall continued throughout the day, the adventurers remaining in camp playing safe and knowing that hunting would be poor anyway.

Up and away at 5:00 A. M., Saturday, the twentieth, and six inches of beautiful tracking snow. The hunters followed the ranger trail up toward the ridge summit near Little Sheep Mountain and swung to the right around the slope in the hope of sighting deer. Less than a mile from the ranger trail they came upon enormous tracks.

"He's a big fellow, Frank."

"Yes, and a killer too, look at the coyote tracks!"

"What about it?"

"Let's look him up."

"Fair enough," and "Hap" and Frank followed the bear trail.

Down hill he went, and, paralleling the course up which they had just come, they followed the plain trail in the six-inch snow. At the wagon trail a mile and a half below camp, evidence of the "Killer's" work came into view. The remains of a full grown cow lay by the roadside, the skull crushed in on one side by a terrific blow and the coyotes had licked clean the leavings of the mountain monarch's repast.

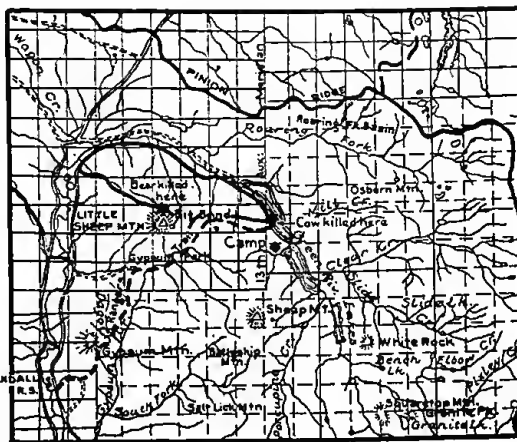
The enormous tracks now led down the wagon road for about seven miles; no dodging behind brush and taking the forest ways, a King had passed who feared nothing and the tracks led down the middle of the road. Where the wagon road turns south the big tracks turned to the left and up hill toward Little Sheep Mountain; the bear was circling back.

At the cow, the hunters estimated that they were fifteen hours behind the feast and now leg weary, they climbed with hope running high that they would soon locate the quarry.

At a point only a little over a mile from where they first struck the trail the tracks entered a huge tangled



The Mounted Head of Mr. Bear.



Map by the Forest Reserve Service of Green River Lake Country showing where the bear was killed.

windfall of timber some three hundred feet in length and roughly elliptical in spread. "Hap" entered the windfall on the bear trail with Frank at his right a few feet away. The bear had wandered around in the windfall and the tracks were confusing so "Hap" kept on through the tangle while Frank followed one trail out to the right. On the far end of the windfall stood a clump of jack-pines about fifty feet in diameter and "Hap" circled with his .30 Government rifle held at ready, but owing to the thickness of the brush he could not see far. Skirting the right hand side of the windfall again he paused at a sound in the jack-pine clump and crouching saw a hairy mass in motion.

"Here he is, Frank!"

"Let him have it!"

"Hap" dropped on his knees to get a better view through the windfall and for an instant came a more open sight of the bear—

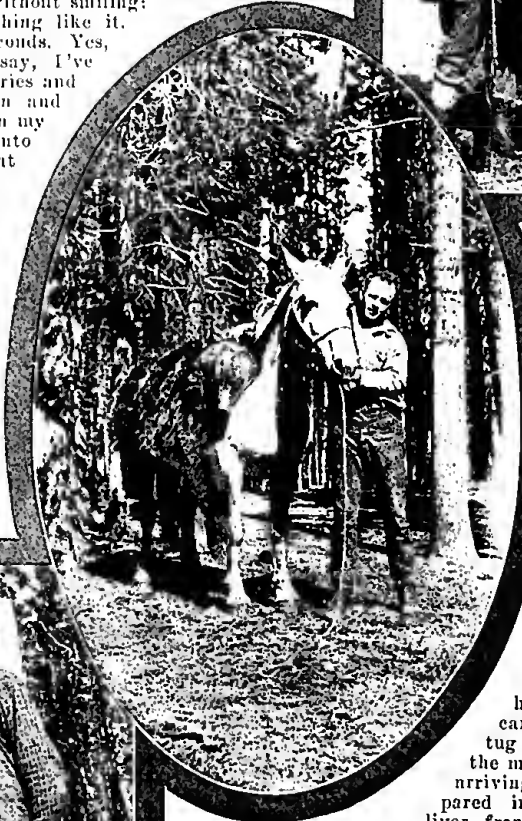
"CRASH!" The heavy 220 grain charge sent the soft nose bullet to the mark—and then came some things that "Hap" tells without smiling:

"I never heard anything like it.

It lasted about fifteen seconds. Yes, kinda like a lion, but, say, I've heard lions roar in menageries and this was like ten of them and sounded worse. I stayed on my knees, threw another shell into the barrel and waited. That first roar was all but he threshed and knocked things around for five minutes. Frank came over and we waited twenty minutes before we moved toward the bear. I had fired at a range of forty yards and as soon as we could see him plainly Frank said, "A silver tip and some meat!" He was lying on his back and after looking him over carefully we tried to drag him out from among the pines but he



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Raymond, Big Game Hunters and Trappers. Mrs. Raymond can read a Silver Tip's Palm.



"Red" (Maurice) Haggerty with the "Killer" Packed for the Return to Camp.

Length	7' 8"	Between ears	11 1/2"
Height standing	9' 10"	Killed 11:30 A.M., September	
Tip nose to top of skull. 17 1/2"		20th, 1924.	
Width of front paw.... 11"		NE 1/4, Sec. 21, T39N, R109W.	
Circumference hind ankle 19 1/2"			

Bullet entered behind left shoulder, cut the aorta and passed out at point of right shoulder. Hair and hide mushroomed the bullet so you could place three or four fingers in the entering hole. The rifle, a 1906 Government .30 gauge. Cartridge carried a 220-grain charge. Four cartridges in the magazine and one in the chamber. Lyman peep-sight and front gold bend.

Farrington also carried a Smith and Wesson Special 38-calibre revolver and a six-inch hunting knife in belt scabbard.



"Happy" Jack Farrington with a Good Supper in Sight. Note His Pet 16 Gauge Shot-gun.

was too heavy so we drew the carcass where it lay. What do you think of that bear sitting still and me circling him in that clump of jack-pines only twenty-five feet from him. He didn't want me and he just didn't give a d—, that's all."

The hunters left the carcass and started for camp at 1:45 P. M. Arriving at camp they ate a hasty bite and returned to the scene of the killing with three pack horses. Three solid hours of careful skinning, "tug and roll, tug and roll" and then with all the meat and the pelt back to camp, arriving at 9:30 P. M. Supper prepared instantor with slices of bear liver from a hot skillet finished off a big day. The heart, about the size of a quart cup, was also sliced and fried.

Now for figures on size:

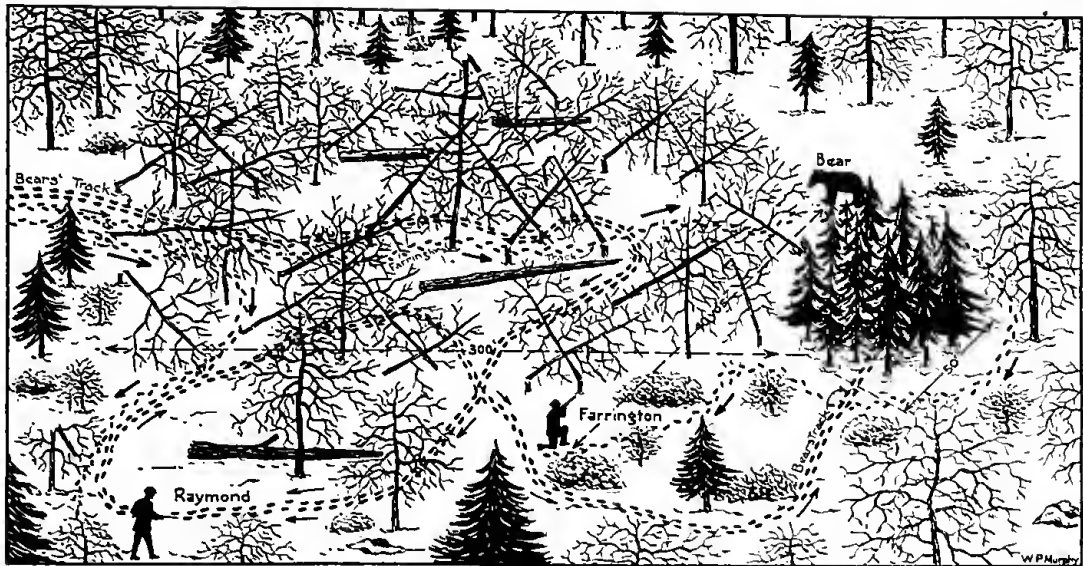
Weight of hide and head.....	129 lbs.
Weight of meat.....	794 "
Weight of entrails (est.).....	200 "
Total	1123 "

Between ears

Killed 11:30 A.M., September

20th, 1924.

NE 1/4, Sec. 21, T39N, R109W.



Sketch Showing How the Bear was Tracked.

At camp discussion developed as to the bear's age and Mrs. Raymond, turning the paws bottom up for examination declared him to have been fifteen years old. This checked closely with what the ranchers and other inhabitants of the Green River Lake country said, as they had known the bear to be active as a Killer for twelve years.

The balance of the outing was taken up with fishing and hunting in the neighborhood. A sheep hunt from 6:00 A. M. to 8:00 P. M. availed nothing more than the stirring up of three black bears that crashed away through the timber without giving an opportunity for a shot. Another day north of Pinion Ridge gave Frank a running shot at an elk at 250 yards and the elk carcass joined the meat supply in camp.

The camp lived high on bear loin, elk tenderloin, duck and trout prepared by "Red" and "Hap" as leading cooks; canned fruits, vegetables and sourdough bread completed the line of eatables. On Thursday, the twenty-fifth, the camp broke up and packed for the run home. Leaving Green River Lake at 1:00 P. M. the cars set out for the railroad and reached Winton one hundred and seventy-five miles distant, at 8:45 P. M.

"Happy" Jack Farrington has had his silver-tip pet and head mounted and it is a beautiful specimen, but one cannot help but think of that ferocious mountain giant standing silently in that jack-pine thicket and waiting while "Hap" walked around him only twenty to twenty-five feet away. And again, "Hap" says, "that the people who know the Wind River Range say that the bears work their way south in the fall and hole up in the rocks at the head of Big Sandy and Boulder Lake," and in the spring he wants to go up and meet the bears as they come out around the first of May!

Lumber Big Item in Mining Costs

Last year the anthracite mines used 567,000,000 board feet of lumber. That would make a board-walk a foot wide and an inch thick 107,386 miles long, or encircling the earth over four times at the equator. It also means that in 1923 seven board feet of lumber were used for every ton of anthracite mined.

—Modern Mining.

Hanna High School Wins

The Hanna High School Basket Ball team defeated the team from Lyman High School Tuesday evening, December 16th in the Hanna High School Gymnasium. It was an exceedingly interesting game, the score being tied at three different times, and at the final whistle standing 16 to 17 in favor of Hanna. While the attendance was good, there is still room for improvement in that direction. The team is rounding into much better form than they displayed last year and should give a good account of themselves in the coming games.

It is All in the Point of View

A mother sent her two little girls to play in a beautiful garden. Soon one child ran back crying, "Oh! Mother, Mother," she moaned, "all the roses have thorns." By and by the other child came dancing in, radiant. "Oh! Mother, Mother," she cried, "all the thorns have beautiful roses."



The Avoidable Cause of Many Accidents.

Robert Burns

By George B. Pryde

DURING the war, many men in public life in many countries suffered criticism because of their policies or public utterances. Their friends tell us that our vision was distorted and that we were unable to judge correctly or estimate justly their services to their country or to the world at large, but that posterity with its farther vision and its saner and clearer judgment will gauge their services accurately and award to their memories the word of praise that is justly theirs.

After a period of nearly a century and a half, posterity has judged the life and work of Robert Burns and has awarded him a place among the Immortals, so I have no timidity in asserting that his name and fame will live for centuries to come, nor in asserting that Burns was the greatest Scotchman of his time.

Burns was born at a time when his country (Scotland) was engaged in Civil War, the North and South warring against each other; then there were the religious wars in which class was arrayed against class, and family against family, religious intolerance and superstitions were rife; a state of feudalism obtained and personal, religious and political liberty were at a low ebb. The poverty of the working classes was universal. Into such a world and under such conditions a January wind "blew han'sel in on Robin."

Many people ask why is it that the name of Robert Burns lives and his achievements survive among the Scottish people throughout the years and the centuries. I believe it is because Burns sang in a simple language that all might understand of the deep and basic truths and experiences of human life that are everlasting and eternal and must endure, because, after all, it is only the good in the lives of mankind that survives. Burns sang a song of hope for the hopeless, of joy for the sorrowing, of cheer for the outcast and lonely, a song of brotherhood for the friendless, of home and friends and native land. He sang that old Scottish song which conveys a picture of domestic felicity that has never been excelled, "John Anderson, my Joe John, when we were first acquaint," and that Scottish song dear to the heart of every Scotchman and which will be sung as long as the Scottish language endures, "Auld Lang Syne." "The Cotters Saturday Night" portrays in simple Doric the uneventful lives of the class to which Burns belonged, and is one of his greatest poems; simple and unaffected—a masterpiece.

Burns was proud of the land of his birth and of its achievements, was a loyal and devoted citizen to his country and government. Burns sang of Scotland's hills and glens, of her lakes, rivers and woods, of her heroes and their deeds; he perpetuated and made immortal many of his neighbors with whom he came in contact each day. His poems in this respect were not always complimentary, but bubbled with keen wit and satire, and for this reason it has often been claimed that Burns was irreligious, but I believe that this assumption is incorrect. It would be impossible for one trained as he was in a religious atmosphere to have forgotten his early training and to have been irreligious; irreverent he may have been on many occasions, but never irreligious.

The Dee, the Don and the Ayr pursue their restless and resistless way and flow onward to the sea, the hills and mountains of Scotland still stand as in the days of Burns, unchanged and unchanging throughout the years and centuries; those friends and neighbors of Burns whom he made immortal in his poems sleep together in that quiet churchyard "Where none holds conversation with his neighbor." Highland Mary sleeps in a nameless grave alike unknowing and unknown, her very identity lost in the oblivion that death inevitably brings to all. The body of Robert Burns has long since mouldered into dust and returned to the earth that gave it, but his grave will remain a

pilgrim shrine for those who shall come to pay homage to the Bard for his achievements. He is numbered with the Immortals, and his sweet songs will live in the hearts of his countrymen.

How We Got our Yard

MORE than eight hundred years ago there lived a king—an English king, one Henry, surnamed Beaulere. Early in his reign, gray-bearded councilors declared that in their opinion it would be nice to have a measure of length called a yard; and this should be the distance between the tip of royal Henry's nose and the end of the royal thumb. The king's nose may have been large or small or tilted upward. Moreover, the distance may have been measured when the king's nose was swollen, for royal noses can hit a doorpost in the dark just like common noses. And the royal thumb may have been stubby or spatulate. Henry too might have playfully extended his fingers and wiggled them with his thumb not quite at, but very near, the end of his royal nose; or he might have wiggled eight fingers with the thumb of one hand touching the little finger of the other. Twirling his fingers thus he could delicately convey to the court scientists who were conducting the royal triangulation just what he thought of them. But at all costs the deed was done and the Englishmen of the twelfth century achieved a yard. We of the twentieth century, especially our wives, our daughters, our sisters, and our maiden aunts, should never forget that every time we buy a yard of ribbon we measure more or less accurately the distance between a defunct ex-royal nose and a departed ex-royal thumb.

—Alex. McAdie in Atlantic Monthly.

His Facts Were Correct

An official of the Civil Service Commission says that even the grave members of one examining board were amused by a certain answer in a set of examination papers.

The question was: "Give for any one year, the number of bales of cotton exported from the United States."

The answer this applicant wrote was: "1492, None."
—Harper's



Mr. Winton Smiles When the Magazine Arrives.

Engineers' Department

Calculating Wire Sizes for Direct Current

By D. C. McKeehan

IT IS thought that few mine electricians can readily calculate the correct size of wire to convey a given quantity of electrical energy from the source of supply to the point of consumption.

A low voltage condition in the mines usually brings forth the remark that more copper is needed, and the application of figures to the problem is usually not applied—often not understood.

It shall be my endeavor to develop the formula step by step in order that the reader will understand the calculation from the ground up. Calculating tables and charts may be used for reference, but when these are not at hand the determinations may always be made by remembering a few wire sizes and a simple formula that only requires multiplication and division for the solution.

It will be understood that the current strength in amperes, distance in feet that the power is transmitted, and amount of loss in volts is known. That the wire will carry a direct current, that is, current that continually flows in one direction. One of the physical properties of copper is its resistance or opposition to the flow of an electrical current, yet it is, too, one of our best conductors.

In designating copper wire size, we refer to the number of circular mils area. A mil being 1/1,000 of an inch. The abbreviation C. M. is used for circular mils. A round wire 1/1,000 of an inch in diameter is equal to one circular mil in area. Such a wire one foot long has a resistance of 10.4 ohms. To find the resistance (R) of a certain length (L) of wire, having an area of a given number of circular mils (C.M.), we multiply length by 10.4 and divide by the C.M. Ex-

pressed as a formula, $R = \frac{10.4 \times L}{C.M.}$

For a wire 1,000 feet long having an area of 2,000 $\frac{10.4 \times 1,000}{2,000} = 5$ ohms. C.M. the resistance will be $R = \frac{10.4 \times 1,000}{2,000} = 5$ ohms.

This corresponds to a number 17 B. & S. or American gauge.

The foregoing has given us the relationship between resistance, length and area. If a given current is made to flow through a certain resistance a certain number of volts must be expended in maintaining the flow of current. The voltage that is used in overcoming the resistance may be called "lost", quite the same as the difference in water pressure at a hydrant and at the end of several hundred feet of hose.

In Ohm's Law, the current (C) equals the volts (V) divided by the resistance (R) and we shall express it by a formula as, $C = \frac{V}{R}$. Also a method of expressing

the relationship is $V = C \times R$, which is another way of stating that the voltage in any circuit equals the current times the resistance, and this gives us the relationship between voltage, current and resistance.

In the formula $V = C \times R$, we will substitute the value of R found previously so that $V = C \times \frac{10.4 \times L}{C.M.}$

or $V = \frac{C \times 10.4 \times L}{C.M.}$ for simplicity.

Now it is desired that we know the area of the wire $(C \times 10.4 \times L)$. We have

used the word length as meaning the distance from source of supply to point of use, however, the wire circuit is twice this length. Introducing the factor 2 will allow us to multiply 10.4 by 2 and call the product 21 which is close enough for all practical purposes. Our rule now becomes a simple expression as follows: The C.M. equals 21 times the length, times the current divided by the volts lost. Applying this to a 300 foot length of mining machine cable to carry 100 amperes $21 \times 300 \times 100$

with 15 volts loss we have $C.M. = \frac{21 \times 300 \times 100}{15} = 42,000$.

By referring to a wire table we will find the proper size as No. 4. Memorizing a few facts regarding the wire table will make it unnecessary to consult it at all.

Railroads and Railroad Engineering

By W. W. Jones

THE first railroad known to history was built at New Castle, England, in 1671 for the purpose of hauling coal. Wooden rails were used on this road and the cars, which were nothing more than carriages or wagons, were drawn by horses. Flat cast iron rails nailed to timbers were used for the track in 1767 and in 1789 iron edge rails came into use. Benjamin Ostrauis' idea of placing iron rails on stone was put into practice in 1800 on the "Tramroad", which was named in his honor. Malleable iron rails first made their appearance in railroad work in 1808.

The first chartered railroad was built in the suburbs of London in 1801 and horses were used for the necessary power. Strange as it may seem the standard gauge of track now used (4 ft. 8½ in.) originated in England with the first track laid. This gauge was used to fit the gauge of English carriages in order that they might be used on the railroad system. Two Englishmen, Wm. Hedley and Timothy Hackworth, built the first locomotive which ran on rails. This locomotive, which was known as "Puffing Billy" was put into use in 1815. "Puffing Billy" had vertical boilers and vertical cylinders. George Stevenson completed the first locomotive to be a commercial success in 1814. Stevenson's locomotive was known as "Billy No. 1" and was in use for forty years.

Modern railroads are the outgrowth of two ideas:—

1. An attempt to improve highways by laying rails and diminishing the tractive resistance.
2. The invention of the locomotive was first conceived as that of an automobile—to travel on public highways.

The English are given credit for the invention of the railroad, however, Col. John Stevens, an American, had the plans prepared for a locomotive and plans and cost data for a railroad system as early as 1810. In 1812 Col. Stevens published a document which placed the possible speed of the locomotive at 100 miles per hour and the average rate of comfortable and convenient speed at 25 miles per hour.

Although this document is over a century old, these speeds are near the present day standard. The first locomotive in America was known as the "Stourbridge Lion" and was built by Mr. Allon, who was later president of the New York Erie Railroad, in 1829. The

first locomotive which was designed in America may be credited to Peter Cooper. Cooper's locomotive weighed one and one-half tons and was known as "Tom Thumb." This locomotive made only two successful runs, but is still kept intact for exhibition purposes. Mr. N. W. Baldwin, who was later president of the Baldwin locomotive works, built the first locomotive of commercial success in America. This locomotive, known as "Old Ironsides" weighed five tons and cost \$500.00. The modern locomotive is built at an average cost of about \$75,000.00. The first regularly operated railroad in the United States was built in South Carolina and ran from Charleston Harbor to the Oriskany River. The locomotive on this railroad was known as the "Best Friend." This railroad system was opened to traffic in 1831 and was 137 miles in length and built at a cost of less than \$13,000.00 per mile. The "Best Friend" blew up in 1834 when the fireman tried to avoid the "waste of steam" by holding the pop valve closed. The cost of railroads per mile in America in 1921 was between \$50,000.00 and \$60,000.00, while in England it was approximately \$250,000.00.

The operating conditions have greatly changed since our first railroad in South Carolina. At that time the engineer collected the fares and the fireman handled the baggage. Later a "Captain" was appointed who was in full charge of the train. When first constructed our earliest railroad did not operate through the night because of the lack of a headlight, whistle and bell, and possibly the scarcity of business. When night runs were finally undertaken a flat car was pushed ahead of the engine upon which a bonfire was kept burning which acted as a headlight.

In 1850 the telegraph was put to use in the railroad systems. There are but few telegraph lines connected with the present railroad system of Europe and the trains operate under no scheduled time.

Previous to 1854 railroads were in the experimental stage. Before this time there were two routes for transportation in the United States—The Erie Canal, and the State Route in Pennsylvania. In 1842 it was possible to carry on commerce between Albany and Buffalo, New York, and in 1848 it was extended as far west as Cincinnati by means of the Erie Canal.

The Michigan Central and Michigan Southern railroads were opened to traffic in 1852. In 1851 the Hudson River Railroad was completed, and in 1852 the Pennsylvania System and the Baltimore & Ohio System reached as far west as the Ohio River. In 1858 the Pennsylvania System made its entrance into Chicago. Between 1815 and 1860 the total mileage of railroads in the United States was increased 240%. Railroad mileage has been at a standstill during the past ten years in the United States, statistics showing very little increase and a slight decrease in some sections.

Railroad development in Canada has been much slower than in the United States, but a marked degree of superiority in their railroad engineering work has placed their railroads above many of the systems of this country. The Grand Trunk Pacific, a Canadian Corporation, has a maximum grade of .25% in their system over the Continental Divide. The Santa Fe and the Denver and Rio Grande of this country have a maximum grade of 2% and 4% respectively over this range.

Railroads are organized under two systems:—

1. Departmental organization.
2. Divisional organization.

In the departmental organization all the problems of the systems must be carried to the Chief Executive of the entire system by way of each and every executive of the respective departments. In the divisional organization each division of the system, which covers about 150 miles of the road, is an empire in itself and has its own executives. By this organization much

(Continued on page 24)

USEFUL FACTS

Cut Out and Keep in Convenient Place

- (1) Circular Mil.
- (2) Weight of Air.
- (3) Coal is not all.
- (4) Weights of various substances.

The Circular Mil.

The circular mil, commonly called mil, is the electrical unit of area for measuring cross section of a conductor. It is defined as the area of circle whose

diameter is $\frac{1}{1000}$ inch. Hence its area is found by the

formula $\frac{\pi}{4} (.001)^2$ or .0000007854 square inch.

The law for area of cross section of a conductor follows: The area of cross section of a wire in circular mils is equal to the square of the diameter expressed in mils.

D—Diam. in inches.
Then area = $(1000D)^2$.

Weight of Air.

W—Weight of cu. ft. of air.
B—Height of barometer in inches.
t—Temperature in degrees Fahrenheit.

Form: $W = \frac{1.3253 \times B}{461 + t}$

The weight of any gas equals the weight of air at the same pressure and temperature multiplied by the specific gravity of the gas in question.

Coal is Not All.

In the average mine producing 1,500 tons there is handled beside the coal in any 24-hour period:

Water at 500 gals. per min. 3,000 tons
Air at 80,000 cu. ft. per min. 3,828 tons
Mine supplies 15 tons

Total 6,843 tons
or 4.56 tons of other material for every ton of coal.

Weights of Various Substances.

	Lbs. Per Cu. Foot
Aluminum	165
Brass	534
Bronze	509
Copper	556
Gold	1,205
Iron (cast)	450
Steel	490
Lead	706
Mercury	848
Nickel	556
Platinum	1,330
Silver	656
Tin	559
Tin (babbit)	443
Tungsten	1,180
Zinc	440
White Oak (seasoned)	46
Lubricating Oil	57
Water	625
Ice	56
Sandstone	147
Sand (loose)	90
Coal (bituminous solid)	84
Coal (loose piled)	45
Concrete	144

Birmingham Wire gauge in inches:

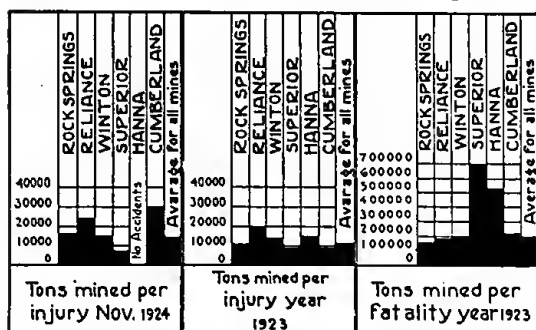
0000 15/32"	3 17/64"	9 5/32"
000 7/16"	4 15/64"	10 9/64"
00 3/8"	5 7/32"	11 1/8"
0 11/32"	6 13/64"	12 7/64"
1 19/64"	7 3/16"	13 3/32"
2 9/32"	8 11/64"	14 5/64"



Make It + Safe



The November Accident Graph



The graph for November again shows a very gratifying decrease in accidents and a material increase for practically all camps in the number of tons produced for each accident.

The monthly average for November shows one accident for 14,892 tons produced or 4,500 tons better than the October rate.

As usual, accidents due to pit cars and haulage account for far too great a percentage of the accidents. Of the 16 accidents reported from all camps, five, or nearly one-third, are directly due to pit cars, and in the last analysis each of these five shows that with just a little more care the accident could have been prevented.

Hanna again shows no accidents for the month, with Cumberland and Reliance each reporting one, both of these being trivial.

Again we urge **WATCH THE PIT CARS.**

The Cause and Treatment of Infections Resulting from Minor Injuries

By Oliver Chambers, M. D., Rock Springs, Wyo.

FREQUENT injuries, large and small, to mine workers occur daily. The hands especially are exposed in the handling of coal, props and pit cars. The mining machine comes in for its share of wounds inflicted.

The larger wounds, or those producing severe bruising and lacerations, as a rule receive proper attention by the doctor, as they cause enough disturbance to come under the doctor's treatment. In a sense the ordinary wound thus receiving proper treatment may be said to be less dangerous.

The ordinary small wound, such as is a daily occurrence, may become the most dangerous. The fact that little attention is paid to scratches and bruises and their every day occurrence make them dangerous. It is true that nature heals the majority of small wounds, but to the small percentage of uncared for wounds serious conditions may arise.

Some very serious cases have arisen in the doctors' experiences from the most inoffensive looking wounds. The very fact that the wound is small favors the early closure of its mouth, and then, as the introduced germs multiply in it, they find it easier to penetrate the deeper tissues than to escape through the mouth of the wound to the surface.

Infection or germs which produce what is commonly called "blood poison" are constantly present upon our bodies and things surrounding us. Fortunately the coal mine with new rooms and the miner working at the face of the room does not contain as great a number of these germs. Nevertheless germs are to be found well distributed, and the slightest breaking of the skin gives access to the body where a fertile field exists. It is true that most of these wounds do not become infected due to the resistance offered by certain blood cells. Should the germ be of the more dangerous type and the wound closed or healed upon the surface, the infection then is taken up by the blood or lymphatic system and spread into other parts of the body. This is what happens when a red streak up the arm is observed, also enlarged glands become involved.

Early treatment and care is the method best to pursue. This should be continued for several days until the possibility of infection has passed. The ordinary use of water often washes more infection into a wound. The common and well known use of Iodine, which is poured into the wound, seems the best. It is advisable to use Iodine but once, as repeated use has a tendency to blister. The further treatment should be carried on by the company surgeon.

It is impractical to see a doctor for the numerous small wounds that are received by workmen, but treatment should be immediately sought if redness or other signs of inflammation develop. It is wise to give treatment early, preventing the possible serious effects due to the small wound.

Think

Following are a few of the November trouble breeders. Don't you think most of these could have been avoided?

- | | |
|-------------------------|--|
| Miner | Was eating lunch in entry. A bump caused a piece of coal to fly from low side injuring his hip and back. |
| Miner | Was timbering his place. While making a place for prop a piece of top coal fell, lacerating scalp and bruising right ankle. |
| Loader | In attempting to couple cars, caught fingers between bumpers. |
| Loader | While digging coal from face, pick glanced off coal, striking him on right foot. |
| Loader | Was pulling down loose rock. A piece fell, rolled over and struck him on leg, severely bruising it. |
| Bops-runner | Had dropped loaded cars in room neck and coupled to empties, after signalling to hoistman to hoist he stepped into a coil of loose cable, and as trip was started up and coil tightened, his leg and ankle were bruised. |
| Mine Electrician | Before starting to repair a portion of 2,300 Volt cable in mine, electrician went outside and pulled fuse blocks leading from transformer, thus supposedly cutting off all current in the wires. Due to faulty wiring in transformers, the mere removal of fuse plugs did not render the line dead and when he touched cable to repair it he |

	received a severe shock. Only Divine Providence can explain why this accident was not a fatality.
Loader	Went into his room to load first car in the morning, and while loading, a piece of loose coal and rock fell bruising head and shoulders.
Miner	In throwing a piece of rock into gob, caught finger between a prop and the rock.
Driver	Motorman was leaving parting with empty trip for face. Driver jumped on trip between cars and was told to get off. He got off but later got on again, and as motorman stopped trip his foot was caught between bumpers.
Miner	Coal flew from point of pick injuring his eye.
Loader	While coupling cars on slope got his hand caught between coupling links, crushing first and second finger of right hand.
Rope-runner	Was throwing cap-board out of car and struck his finger between car and cap-board, severely bruising finger.

Explosive Mixtures of Methane (C.H.) and Air

By J. Maxon, Gas Watchman, Mine No. 4, Hanna, Wyoming

THERE appears to be a divided opinion or a misunderstanding among some of our mining men as to which is the higher and lower explosive point of methane gas and air. This is a question that is usually asked at State Examinations for competency in coal mining. It is an important question and one which could not very easily be omitted from such an examination because it is essential that all Mine Foremen and Fire Bosses should clearly understand it. Some of the old textbooks on coal mining answer this question in an entirely different way from our more modern mining books, and I believe it is due to this fact that the question is sometimes misunderstood.

For Example: The "Question and Answer Book" published by the International Textbook Company, states that the lower explosive limit of methane gas and air is, in reference to volume, 1 part gas and 5.5 parts air, and the higher explosive is 1 part gas and 13 parts air (see page 67, answer to question 351). In reviewing some of our more modern books we find quite an opposite statement. For Example: Mr. James T. Beard, in his book, "Mine Gases and Ventilation," states that 1 part gas and 5 parts air is the higher explosive point, and that 1 part gas and 13 parts air is the lower explosive point (see page 101). Also Miners Circular No. 14, issued by the United States Bureau of Mines, states that 1 part gas and 5.5 parts air is the higher explosive limit, and that 1 part gas and 17 parts air is the lower explosive limit. Now let us see what does this mean? First, we have the statement of the older mining books which gives the ratio 1 to 5.5 as the lower explosive point. This means 15% of gas mixed with air; also the ratio 1 to 13, which equals the higher explosive point and which means 7% of gas mixed with air. Then, we find in Mr. James T. Beard's book, "Mine Gases and Ventilation," that the ratio 1 to 5 equals the higher explosive point which means 16.6% gas mixed with air. Also, the Bureau of Mines explains this in about the same way. You will see at once that these are quite opposite statements and because of these statements, a few years ago I wrote to the International Correspondence School at Scranton, Pennsylvania, and asked them if they could explain the reason for this. Mr. George Duck, head of the Mining Department, answered my letter and said that the older textbooks had made an error and that the statement in the later mining books

was correct. He also explained that it was a peculiar fact that Mr. James T. Beard was responsible for both statements because it was he who had compiled the old "Question and Answer Book" and had also written the later instruction books issued by the International Correspondence School which also conflicted with his previous statement, and the error had been made by the printer. Now, I believe that this error is the cause of so many of our mining men getting the wrong idea on this subject, seeing that the old "Question and Answer Book" referred to has been studied and used so extensively in this district, especially in preparation for the state examination. Hence, my reason for writing these lines with the hope of helping to clear up this misunderstanding.

The United States Bureau of Mines has published many circulars on mine gases, and this subject of explosive points of combustible gases is treated very clearly. They tell us that if one starts with a non-combustible proportion of methane gas and air, and increases the proportion of gas, we first obtain a combustible mixture or a burning point (not explosive point) with about 2% gas. Continuing to increase the proportion of gas, you will reach the lower explosive point at about 5.5%. The higher explosive point is reached when we have about 17% of gas. The greatest or the maximum explosive point is agreed by all authorities to be at about 9.5% of gas. We also have the higher burning point (not explosive point) at about 30% of gas, and with a greater percentage of gas the mixture will not sustain a light nor will it burn. Now, when the question may be asked, "What does this mean from a practical point, or why should a man be required to understand these principles?" we have the following reasons:

If a mine foreman or fire boss clearly understands the varying conditions of combustible gas as indicated by the action of the flame of his safety lamp, he knows at once the degree of danger to which he and others are subjected. He also knows that the higher explosive point is more dangerous than the lower explosive point because the addition of perhaps a little more air will make the condition more dangerous, whereas the addition of a little more air to the lower explosive point will render this gas harmless. He knows and understands the condition of the place generating the gas and how he should act to overcome the condition by proper ventilation. He knows if it is safe to remove the gas when the men are at work in nearby places.

We must remember that although our mines in this district do not generate gas to any great extent, there are many mines in other districts that are constantly generating methane gas in large quantities. For instance, in some parts of the Pennsylvania field, and also in the British Columbia field, they frequently have what the miners call "Gas Bumps," and when these outbursts of gas occur it is often necessary to lay off the men and the mine is idle until such time as the condition can be remedied. In these mines a small percentage of gas may always be detected in the main returns. Under these conditions it is very es-

(Continued on next page)

**THE BEST SAFETY
DEVICE IS A
CAREFUL MAN**

A Good Suggestion

Editor, Employees' Magazine:

After reading over the list of various accidents published in the Magazine from time to time, I have tried to think of the primary cause and a remedy that would help avoid them in the future. I am not going to attach the blame to either side for these accidents, for I think it is a 50-50 proposition.

The Safety First movement is undoubtedly having the desired effect among the majority of the men, but we cannot get away from the fact that chances are being taken and this is the cause of a large number of our accidents. I do not mean by this that chances are taken deliberately, in fact we do not realize that a chance has been taken until it is too late. I do not think for a moment that accidents can be entirely avoided, as it is always possible for a man to overlook something, and the nature of some work often necessitates a certain risk; but I believe accidents can be cut down a great deal if every one, regardless of position, would give their sincere co-operation in this matter. To get this co-operation is not as easy as it may seem. If one side extends this spirit the other becomes suspicious and begins to look for a motive. This Magazine is published to eliminate this feeling and will surely help, but it is not enough—the spirit of co-operation must be carried out in practice as well as in principle. The workman must be convinced of the sincerity of the Company that, it is really interested in this safety movement, in order to get each individual's attention and remove the element of doubt. This can only be accomplished by the Company doing all possible, within reason, to promote safe practices, and at the same time encourage all employees to report dangerous conditions that may come under their observation and make them feel that any suggestions made are welcome.

With this in effect the official in charge can launch a very effective safety campaign himself, as he will be in a better position to censure any employee found taking a chance. Publishing of the various accidents in the Magazine is a good thing, because they show how easy it is to receive an injury, and we hope the practice will be continued and result in a closer co-operation between employer and employee.

The following, if carried out, will help prevent some of our accidents:

Avoid excessive speed in the running of all man trips.

Don't jump on or off man trip while same is in motion.

Clean up all roadways where spragging has to be done.

Prop up or pull down all over-hanging coal, regardless of how it may sound.

Proper guarding of trolley wires, particularly where men enter or depart from man trip.

There is one safety device that all must remember—"A careful man."

AN UNDERGROUND EMPLOYEE.

Self Contained Breathing Apparatus

By Jas. Hearne, Hanna, Wyoming

EXPERIENCE has taught us that within the range of a mine explosion death in most cases is instantaneous. Whatever aid is necessary to save life must be rendered at once. This is not always possible, for before entering the mine many things have to be considered. Among these are the cause and location of the explosion, the damage to the mine, the derangement of ventilation and the possibility of men being still alive. If alive, how are they to be brought out and by what means can they be saved?

It is at this stage that the use of self-contained breathing apparatus may play a most important part in ascertaining the condition of the mine and state of the living, and bring to them immediate relief and assistance. It must not be forgotten, however, that men

were rescued long before rescue apparatus was conceived. Even in the use of apparatus many rescuers have given their own lives in fruitless efforts to save others. This was due, no doubt, in most cases to weak organization, poor team work and lack of training. It is, however, in the greater protection given to the rescuer that life has been and will be saved.

Just to what extent mine rescue breathing apparatus has been successful is difficult to state. Of one thing we are sure, that better organization came in with rescue apparatus, for to be of any use whatever there must first be training and practice, which suggests organization. Those who have taken part in hurried consultations no doubt retain vivid recollections of the general excitement and confusion everywhere. This was intensified when it became known that men were in the mine and must be saved if possible.

While the risk of rescue work will always be great, the use of self-contained breathing apparatus considerably lessens this risk but does not eliminate it entirely. It permits more rapid exploration over wider districts, and the information obtained leads to a better solution of the method to be followed in recovering the mine.

(Continued from preceding page)

essential that the foreman should understand the points outlined above, and it is for these reasons that questions on the various mixtures of methane and air are so often asked at the state examinations to prove the competency of the men who are sitting for their papers. However, no matter what the percentage of gas is, whether it be small or otherwise, you must always treat the condition as dangerous, removing the cause and arranging to "MAKE IT SAFE."



Geo. Watkin Evans, Mining Engineer and Geologist of Seattle.

Taken while "on duty" in the Canadian Rockies. A big man and a big background. Every one knows George.



A Little Head Work

A Woodpecker peeks
Oul a great many peeks
Of sawdust
When building a hut;
He works like a nigger
To make the hole bigger—
He's sore if
His cutter won't cut.
He don't bother with plaus
Of cheap artisans,
But there's one thing
Can rightly be said:
The whole excavation
Has this explanation—
He builds it
By Using his HEAD.

More About Heads

Shortsighted Lady (in grocery): "Is that the head-cheese over there?"
Salesman: "No ma'am, that's one of his assistants."

Ole and Tillie

Ole: "Tillie, will ye marry me?"
Tillie: "Yes, Ole."
A long, deadening silence falls. Finally it is broken.
Tillie: "Vy don't you say something, Ole?"
Ole: "I tink I say too much already."

Not Misrepresented

Smith had bought a store as a going concern. In six months' time it had failed. Later on, meeting the original owner, he halted him and said:
"You know that business you sold me as a going concern?"

"Yes; what of it?"
"Well, it's gone!" remarked Smith shortly.

Remember

"Say, doctor," said the brawny scrubwoman, "yer gettin' a perty good thing out o' tending that rich Smith boy, ain't yer?"
"Well," said the doctor, secretly amused, "I get a pretty good fee, yes. Why?"
"Wel, Doc, I 'opes yer won't forget that my Willie threw the brick that 'it 'im."—Exchange.

Rattle

"Can anyone tell me," asked the teacher, "whnt makes the sound we call tintinnabulation?"
"Please, ma'am," replied a youngster, "it's pa's second-hand flivvor."—American Legion Weekly.

It Might Explain

A lady reports that her colored laundress said to her, "Semehow Ah nevah keered much fer books, but (after a thoughtful pause) Ah kaint read, an' mebbe that bss sumpin' to de wit it."—Boston Transcript.

Peliteness Personified

Bobby had been senarching diligently for his little sister, who had strayed out of the yard. On tiptoe, he rang the bell next door, and upon being told that she wasn't there, he trudged disappointedly over to the steps, then hesitated, turned around and said brightly, "Thanks, thanks," Mrs. Johnson, for telling me where she isu't."

Did She Get It?

My friend's small daughter had a cute way of asking for candy, which was, however, annoying to her mother, especially when they were out calling. She decided to break the tot of this habit and forbade her to ask for candy in the future under threat of a sound spanking. The next time they called to see me, the little girl looked up wistfully, and inquired in a whisper: "If I don't ask you for tandy, is you goin' to give me some?"

The One He Had Been Looking For

"Why so silent?" he asked her. "You haven't said a word for ten minutes."
"I didn't have anything to say," she replied.
He sat with a hopeful gleam in his eye.
"Look here," he said, "don't you ever say anything wheu you have nothing to say?"
"Why, no," she replied.
"Then," he said, "Will you be my wife?"

Easy

Marriage was the subject under discussion at the sewing party.

"I could never understand the Bible reference to marriages in heaven," said Mrs. Jones thoughtfully. "Why do you suppose there is no marrying nor giving in marriage there?"
"That's easy," said a sarcastic spinster. "There probably isn't a man in the place."

Despite the Ads—

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance."
"What is it," she asked, "that carries us along rough roads and smooth roads, up hills and down hills, through jungles and swamps and raging torrents?"
There was silence, and then Tommy raised his hand.
"Please, Miss," he said, "there ain't no such ear."
—American Legion Weekly.

It All Depends

"My dear," asked the dreamy young wife, "do you believe that in the end the right must always win?"
"No," yawned her husband from behind the sporting page. "Sometimes a left jab puts them to sleep in the first round."—American Legion Weekly.

Quite Unnecessary

"With all due deference, my boy, I think our English custom at the telephone is better than saying 'Hello!' as you Americans do."
"What do you say in England?"
"We say: 'Are you there?' Then, of course, if you are not there, there is no use in going on with the conversation."—Liberty.

A New One on Prunes

Tommy had fallen over and upset a dish of prunes. Picking himself up, he observed, "That's lucky."
"Lucky?" demanded his mother, "what's lucky?"
"It's lucky I don't like prunes."—Liberty.

The Olden Times

Early Days in Cumberland

By Geo. A. Brown

IT WILL be 25 years next August since the Cumberland Mines were opened up. There have been many changes in that time.

Mr. Gus Paulson and his party of prospectors located these properties and proceeded to open them for The Union Pacific Coal Company. They could not do much without the aid of machinery so temporary engines, pumps and boilers were shipped here from Rock Springs. Mr. Chris Johnson, our present Master Mechanic, was sent to install them, after which he hoisted the first coal out of No. 1 Mine. Mr. Joseph Clark was the first hoisting engineer at No. 2 Mine. Wendell Clark, the present Mine Clerk at Superior, was the first boy born in Cumberland at No. 2 Camp, and was born in a tent.



A New Year's B. P. O. E. celebration in Cumberland in 1903. Left to right—Top row: A. G. Morton, Chas. Outsen, W. H. Durborough, Robt. Calverly. Bottom row: J. M. Faddis, A. N. Palmer, H. D. Clark, Chas. Mason and W. W. Smalley. (Picture through courtesy Mr. E. C. Way, Tono, Washington)

Mr. F. L. McCarty, now Mine Superintendent at Rock Springs, was in charge of material and store supplies. The railroad was finished in 1901. Mr. Mark Hopkins was the first Mine Superintendent, Mr. W. D. Breunan one of the first Mining Engineers, Mr. J. M. Faddis the first Mine Foreman at No. 1 Mine and Mr. Mike Blake at No. 2 Mine. By this time permanent equipment and buildings were being installed, and it was not long before a large tonnage was rolling over the tipples. Houses, store buildings, school houses, saloons, restaurants, postoffice, barber shops and amusement halls were built. John Ward and George Pexton were in charge of the saloons; chinamen run the restaurants and Gus Paulson acted as the first Postmaster. The Cumberland Camps were considered the most up-to-date of all camps at that time. I can hear some of the old timers saying that those were the good old days.

There was considerable rivalry between the two camps, each trying to beat the other, but all working

towards the same end, namely, the problem of getting the coal over the tipples at the lowest cost. These mines were large producers in those days, more than a million tons of coal being mined in 1905.



Do you remember old Snip and Trot, the Superintendent's team at No. 1 in Cumberland? This picture was taken in 1905 with A. E. Bradbury and John J. Hart—just after the team ran away from—Never mind, Mr. McCarty, nuf sed.

(Picture by courtesy of Mr. E. C. Way, Tono)

There have been many changes since that time, some of the men mentioned have gone to the great beyond, others to work for other companies, and some of them are still with us as officials or are working in the ranks of our good company—the best in the system.

John Firmage

By G. B. Pryde

THE subject of this sketch entered the employ of The Union Pacific Coal Company in 1886, and was continuously in its employ for thirty-eight years, until he quit on October 26, 1924.



John Firmage, in the Service of The Union Pacific Coal Company for Thirty-eight Years.

John Firmage was born in Kirkealdy, Fifeshire, Scotland. Kirkealdy is better known as Langtoon, on account of having one principal street extending over a large territory. Mr. Firmage came to this country in July, 1880, going to Montana and settling in the town of Dillon, where he assisted in building the Utah Northern Railroad until it reached Butte City. He then went to the state of Washington and was engaged in railroad work with the Northern Pacific until the year 1886, when he came to Rock Springs and was employed by The Union Pacific Coal Company, going to work in the old No. 1 Mine as a driver and rope runner, retaining this position until 1892, when he was appointed boss driver. In 1910, when No. 1 Mine was closed down, he was transferred as boss driver to No. 10 Mine, and worked in this capacity until 1917,

when he was moved to the old No. 8 Mine, having been appointed boss driver and assistant foreman. Sometime later he was transferred to No. 2 Mine. He was engaged as boss driver in this mine at the time he terminated his services with The Union Pacific Coal Company.

Johnny was well and favorably known to all the employees of the mines on account of his congenial disposition, and regret was general when it was known that he had decided to give up mine work and settle in Salt Lake City. The officials of The Union Pacific Coal Company join in this regret, as Mr. Firmage's long and faithful service with the company had made him an invaluable employee. He gave the best years of his life and the best that was in him during his years of service; gave it loyally and uncomplainingly and was always on the job. His vacations were few as he found his greatest pleasure in his work.

In enumerating the foremen under whom he had worked, Mr. Firmage stated that he had never been censured and had always gotten along well with the foremen and could not wish to work for better men.

He also pays a tribute to the town of Rock Springs, where he had lived for such a long time, by saying that Rock Springs was the finest town that he ever lived in and that he will always consider it his home.

Our wish, and the wish of all of his friends (and they are many) is that he and his estimable wife may long be spared to enjoy life in their new home in Salt Lake City.

Ring Out, Wild Bells

By Lord Alfred Tennyson

Lord Tennyson, born at Somersby, a little village in Lincolnshire, England, August 6, 1809; died October 7, 1892, his remains resting in the poets' corner of Westminster Abbey, London. In 1849 Tennyson wrote "In Memoriam," an elegy, expressive of the grief he suffered from the death of his dearest friend and classmate, Arthur Henry Hallam.

"Ring Out Wild Bells," is but a fragment of what is said to be the most illustrious poem of the Nineteenth Century.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin;
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.



Sing Kee, D. S. C.

No, not Lee, not any of the illustrious names, from the descendant of which we would most naturally expect conduct meriting the D. S. C.—but Sing Kee; race, Chinese; nationality, American, whose Army citation accompanying his Distinguished Service Cross reads as follows:

"For extraordinary heroism in action at Mont Notre Dame, west of Fismes, France, August 14-15, 1918. Although seriously gassed during shelling by high explosives and gas shells, he refused to be evacuated and continued, practically single-handed, by his own initiative, to operate the regimental message centre relay station at Mont Notre Dame. Throughout this critical period he showed extraordinary heroism, high courage and persistent devotion to duty, and, totally disregarding all personal danger, by his determination he materially aided his regimental commander in communicating with the front line."

Sing Kee's grandfather came to our west coast during the gold rush of '49, came in a sailing vessel. He prospered and his son, Sing's father, was an American citizen, having been born in San Francisco. Sing Kee, himself, was born about twenty-eight years ago in the Santa Clara Valley. He went to public school, graduated from High School and was a clerk in a general store on Mott Street, in New York City's Chinatown, when, at twenty-one, he enlisted as a rookie in the 77th Division. He was trained in army drill and practices at Camp Upton but never needed to be trained in or taught American patriotism.

He was sent overseas, and during the last days of the war was promoted to regimental color sergeant. As color sergeant he carried the flag up Fifth Avenue in New York City in the demobilization parade of the 77th Division. A proud march for him, but not less so for the country which claims and holds his loyalty.

Nor did his service to Uncle Sam cease with the demobilization of the A. E. F. He is now an interpreter for the Chinese Branch of the U. S. Immigration Service and at the Battery, in lower Manhattan, Sing Kee, D. S. C., nationality, American; race, Chinese, has a chance to serve his country and the people of his father's race.

Sing Kee is married to a Chinese-born girl and has a son who would be, were it possible for his grandfather to have been naturalized, a fourth-generation American.

Americanization—What Is It?

AMERICANIZATION is a new word. It is not a new process. It is a new emphasis on a process—an educational process. Like the present emphasis on Public Health work in all its phases and on many forms of social work, the current emphasis upon Americanization had its origin in 1914 when the World War started and a renaissance of nationalism occurred. Nor was it purely the outgrowth of a growing national consciousness, but in 1917, when America, for the first time in her history, took stock by conscripting her Army, just as health experts were alarmed to learn that 33% of the Nation's manhood was unfit for military service, largely because of defects which could have been corrected in childhood—with the resultant growth of health teaching for chil-

dren and a wide spread interest in public health—so too, national officials, educators and leaders in social work were alarmed to learn, from the mass of data the war's records made possible, that so large a percentage of America was alien at heart, that whole sections in cities were "foreign;" that many ships, going over to Europe carrying our Army, carried too, men who had prospered in America but who were not citizens and now were going back to some European country, preferring to cast in their lot there rather than to voluntarily help Uncle Sam when he needed them. We all remember tales about the community that would not buy Liberty Bonds or help in any war project until compelled to do so.

This, then, compelled the birth of the new emphasis on Americanization—but Americanization in its best sense is more than teaching the foreigner, helping him take out naturalization papers and accept American standards of living. It is the educational process of unifying both native-born and foreign-born Americans in perfect support of the principles of Americanism. It selects and preserves the best qualities in our past and present life. It singles out and fosters such traits of the foreign-born as will contribute to the welfare of all. It teaches the duty of the host not less than the duty of the newcomer. It means giving the immigrant the best America has to offer and retaining for America the best in the immigrant. It is fair to say that the untive-born, like the newcomer, must experience the process of Americanization.

Americanization must begin at home—we must enter into a new understanding of the principles of Americanism, must accept the task of translating these standards into helpful attitudes toward the stranger within our gates. No alien can be COMPELLED to love America. Only love begets love.

The practice, for decades, of calling names—"Hunkie," "Dago" and so on cannot be cured by mere changes of phrasing. But by constructive attitudes toward the foreigner we can best advance the cause of American democracy.

Americanization, then, begins with an examination of American traits and ends with an assimilation movement that includes young and old, white, yellow, native-born and foreign-born. And what are these American traits we wish to keep? Would not these cover the four fundamental sets of characteristics?

Liberty and self reliance.

Union and co-operation.

Democracy and the square deal.

Internationalism and brotherhood.

We will renounce, will we not, such doctrines as money before public welfare or profit at any human cost?

America has a marvelous heritage of love of liberty. Its heritage includes the searchers for liberty from the old lands—the Pilgrims of England; the Moravians of Germany; the Huguenots of France and the Covenanters of Scotland. And what of the newcomer who comes now—has he nothing to give? Do we not rob our country of an added richness of heritage when we refuse to accept what he can give of cultural background, of ideas; when we fail to consider what his problems of adjustment are? Has not the foreigner, by his very need, learned to appreciate Liberty more than we do? Have you heard the Polish National Anthem—that impassioned prayer for liberty? Have you met the French war-bride of our American soldier and realized her thrift, or the Finnish intelligence, the Italian musical sense; or the business honesty of the Chinese, their loyalty to the "bossy man"?

I remember being in Lincoln, Nebraska, when old Pappa Joffre of France, the savior of Paris at the First Battle of the Marne was there. I stood on the Capitol grounds while the old Marshall talked, with his "Madame et Messieur", which was translated beautifully, with even his affectionate inflections, by a young American officer, as he recalled that this was

the home of General Pershing, that it was named after the great Lincoln. The school children had been given a holiday, and as I waited at the elevator later in the afternoon two boys discussed the Marshall's visit. They liked his gay military uniform and the parade and a school holiday. Then one had said, "but hasn't he nerve to talk in French in our country?" Who lost, the old Marshall or the boys? They missed knowing one of the best hero stories of modern times and the enrichment that its tale of courage and resourcefulness, its defeat-defying ingenuity; and the thrill that seeing an old hero, whose heroism they recognized, would have given them.

Israel Zangwill in the "Melting Pot" says, "What is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem, where all nations and races come to worship and look back, compared with the glory of America, where all races and nations come to labor and LOOK FORWARD."

Can we not acquire the right attitudes, hold American principles in our civic life and then, like the old dandy, "bring the line up to the Colors."

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was to say something then that was to make the world open its ears to him—and by that act lose its heart to him forever. He was to do a perfect thing. To me, the poem "To a Mouse" is his supreme achievement in both form and feeling, though many a lover of Burns would make other choice of perfection. I have studied it over and over, line by line, and find coupled with its heavenly pity an artistic reticence, an economy of means, and a sure poise which command that kind and degree of wonder and rapture which is vindicated by happy tears. This poem is not "pathos" or "prettiness"; it is pity flowing back and forth from the great soul of the man to that tiny, shuddering, helpless creature at his feet. There is no trouble in it that is not actual and grave. The fall of Ilium was not more woeful than the tearing asunder of that "wee bit housie."

The fields where he ploughed the straight furrow that was his boast were this man's school; not silent to him, but vocal with joy and with pain. The helpless and the hurt were his teachers. To them he was akin, and when he sang of his own heartache, of his vanished love, of his longings unfulfilled, he sang not as the self-conscious poet sings but as sings the bird bereft and alone when the shadows fall. He sang of Highland Mary.

(Continued from page 17)

time and expense are saved, and more rapid and effective work is accomplished. Often there is a combination of these two types of organization employed when a system is incorporated. The legal departments and auditors are organized under the departmental system and the operating branches of the system are organized under the divisional system.

Joha D. Rockefeller, Jr., in an address recently declared that "permanent success in any business depends on the rendering of useful service to a satisfied public," which tells the story in a mighty few words.

—China, Glass and Lamps.



Food Talks

With this issue Miss Lethe Morrison resumes her Food Selection talks. If you have any questions concerning foods, food values or meal planning, she will be glad to answer them. Miss Morrison is the Red Cross Nutrition worker in the Rock Springs Schools. You may address her Care of Employees' Magazine, Rock Springs.

—Editor.

Holiday Candy Suggestions

Prepared by Miss Jane Beck of Rock Springs High School

Fudge.

4 c. sugar ½ lb. butter
1½ c. milk 4 sq. chocolate or ½ cake.
½ t. salt

Melt chocolate and butter, add sugar and milk alternately and stir until almost dissolved. Let boil slowly until it forms a soft ball, let stand until almost cool. Beat 15 to 25 minutes, add nuts and flavoring.

Penacho.

4 c. brown sugar (or ½ lb. butter
2 c. white & 2 c. brown) 1½ c. milk
½ t. salt.

Boil milk, sugar, butter and salt until soft ball. Let stand until almost cold. Beat for 12 to 15 minutes—add 1 c. chopped nuts.

Chocolate Caramels.

2½ t. butter 2 c. molasses
1 c. brown sugar ½ c. milk
3 sq. chocolate 1 t. vanilla

Melt butter, add molasses, sugar and milk. Stir until sugar is dissolved. When boiling point is reached add chocolate, stirring until dissolved. Boil till firm ball is formed, add vanilla, cool and cut.

Nut Brittle.

Cook 1 c. honey to crack stage or brown or white sugar caramelized then poured over ½ c. nutmeats—either peanuts or walnuts.

Sea Foam.

1 c. white sugar 1 c. brown sugar
¾ c. water

Boil until thread stage; add ½ of syrup to one egg white well beaten. Cook rest of syrup a little more and add to first mixture. Beat till almost stiff and add nuts. Drop from spoon.

Candied Orange Peel.

Cut orange skin in long thin strips and boil 15 minutes. Drain off water. Make a syrup of 1 c. sugar and ½ c. water. When it starts to boil drop in orange peel and let it cook down till syrup is very thick. Remove a strip at a time and roll in granulated sugar.

Stuffed Dates.

Remove seeds from dates and stuff dates with nuts, fondant or peanut butter, then roll in powdered sugar.

The New Baby

By Mabel Glasgow

AS THE baby is born without habits, the development of good or bad habits depends wholly upon the mother and other members of the family. Regular BATHING, SLEEPING, and FEEDING habits should be developed from the very BEGINNING.

By close observation the mother can easily learn to interpret the various cries of the baby, to determine the difference between the cry of hunger, pain, illness or temper.

A normal healthy baby should cry at least one-half hour daily, as the violent kicking of the legs and throwing about of the arms that accompanies the crying is nature's way of exercising the baby.

The cry of hunger is fretful and stops when fed. The cry of pain is sharp, repeated at intervals; the baby is very restless, face contracted and legs drawn up. The cry of temper is loud, violent kicking and body rigid. The cry of a seriously ill baby (if he cries at all) is feeble and almost continuous, except when sleeping.

Remember a well trained baby is a happy baby, and a delight to the family and all who come in contact with him.

Fruits and Vegetables

*By Miss Lethe Morrison,
Red Cross Nutrition Worker*

It has been some time since we had a "food talk" but now that we have gotten started again we hope to have one real often. Last time we talked about "Food Groups and Meal Planning." We now will begin talking about each of these groups separately; this time we will talk about Group I—FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Are fruits and vegetables a luxury or a necessity? If we think of the high cost of these foods as compared with other foods and of the low energy value of them as compared with the energy produced by other foods, we might consider them a luxury. But if we think of the other things so much needed by the body that fruits and vegetables furnish and which other foods do not have in them or do not have in them in large enough quantities, then we can say that they are a necessity and not a luxury.

What are some of these things which fruits and vegetables furnish that are so much needed by the body? In the first place all fruits and vegetables have in them valuable mineral matter needed to keep the blood in good condition, to build bone and tissue, and even to make the heart beat. Iron, lime, and phosphorus, the three minerals most likely to be lacking in the diet, are found in fruits and vegetables. PARSNIPS, TURNIPS, CELERY, CAULIFLOWER, LETTUCE, and CARROTS are very rich in LIME. GREEN VEGETABLES such as SPINACH, GREENS, CABBAGE, PEAS and BEANS, and the DRIED FRUITS, such as DATES, FIGS, PRUNES and RAISINS furnish IRON. Most of the vegetables, especially peas and beans, have much phosphorus in them.

Since it has been discovered that the vitamins are so necessary to health and growth care must be taken to see that plenty of vitamins are supplied in the food of children particularly. The fruits and vegetables

are one of the main sources of these substances, especially the fresh fruits and vegetables. Some of these vitamins have been found to be affected or entirely destroyed by different methods of drying, cooking, canning and preserving. Canned tomatoes and canned pineapple are a vegetable and fruit whose vitamin content do not seem to be affected by the canning process.

Fruits and vegetables on the whole contain very little protein; the legumes (peas and beans) do contain considerable protein. This class of foods does not furnish much fat either; olives, alligator pears, and some of the legumes have some fat in them. Some of the vegetables and fruits furnish considerable sugar and starch in the diet.

The FRUITS AND VEGETABLES are very valuable as foods because of the indigestible matter they contain; this helps to keep the body processes regulated and prevents constipation. Besides the fruits are very valuable because they add so much to our diet in the way of flavors. So everyone should eat fresh fruits and vegetables as much as they can, and when they have to include many canned fruits and vegetables in the diet, they should eat canned tomatoes and canned pineapple often.

Next time we will talk about one of the other food groups.

The Kitchen Kalendar

Pastry and Bun day
Ought to be Monday.
Then Irish Stews-day
Falls on a Tuesday.

Dine-out-with-friends-day,
Let's make that Wednesday.
Next, Apple-pie day
Should always be Friday.

Sausage-in-batter day,
Put that down Saturday.
But what about Sunday?
Oh, take a rest one day.

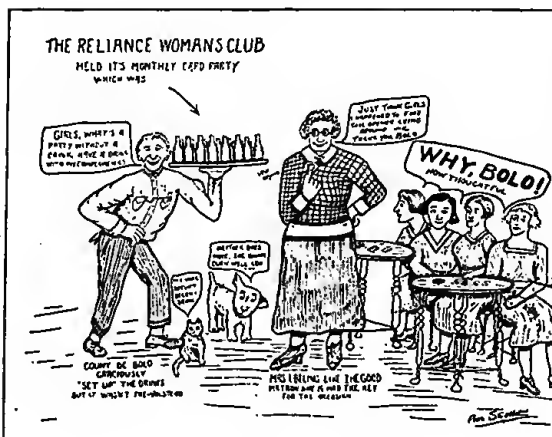
—From "Porridge Poetry," by Hugh Lofting.

Chimney—"Wot's de best way to teach a girl to swim?"

Johnny—"Well, yer want ter take her gently down to de water, put your arm 'round her waist, and—"

Chimney—"Oh, cut it out. It's my sister."

Johnny—"Oh, push her off the dock."



Girls' Hearthfire Circle

Conducted by Boss Mac.

"Friendships thrive in fullest measure
Round our Hearthfire's ruddy glow."

Dear Girls:

I suppose if we were to start out now at the first of this New Year, to look for a set of New Year resolutions we could scarcely find—anywhere—a finer set than those contained in our own Scout Laws. They are better than resolutions, because they are positive assertions, but we can make them into resolutions if we wish:

I. "A Girl Scout's Honor is to be trusted"—therefore in 1925 I will be honorable in everything I do and say.

II. "A Girl Scout is Loyal"—so I will be loyal, to my country, my school, my friends, to my best self. I will, as the Patrol Leader promises, "put my patrol before myself, my troop before my patrol," and shall I add, Scouting before my troop.

III. "A Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others"—so I will make the most of my present opportunities for study that my life may be a useful one. I will be thoughtful of others now.

IV. "A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other girl Scout"—so in 1925 I will be a sisterly Scout. I will recognize the bond that binds me to other scouts and as the Camp Fire girls say:

"As fagots are brought from the forest
Firmly held by the sinews that bind them
I will cleave to these others, my sisters
Wherever, whenever I find them."

V. "A Girl Scout is Courteous"—so I will carry the kindness of heart that induces and guarantees real courtesy.

VI. "A Girl Scout is a friend to animals"—so, since I'm proud of the fact, that this law in the code of the boy and girl scouts has been the means of inducing national interest in "kindness to animals" and I find them loyal friends, I will be kind to animals.

VII. "A Girl Scout obeys orders"—so I will obey my parents and school teachers, knowing that their requests and their demands on me are for my best good.

VIII. "A Girl Scout is cheerful"—since I like cheerful companions, and my will is stronger than unpleasant circumstances, I will be cheerful.

IX. "A Girl Scout is thrifty"—not only when I must but because I do not wish to become careless—I will be thrifty. Realizing that acts make habits and habits make destinies and that much misery has resulted all over our land from small unthrifty habits and I do not want careless habits to grip me—I will be thrifty. So that I may help others—I will be thrifty.

X. "A Girl Scout is clean in thought, word and deed"—so I will remember that "thoughts are things" and that if I think scoutly I cannot help but speak and do scoutly. A teacher of mine once taught me a prayer which reads: "Keep my mental home a sacred place, golden with gratitude, redolent with love and strong with beauty. Let me send no thought into the world that will not bless or cheer or purify or heal."

Out!

"May I come over to see you?" the baseball pitcher telephoned his girl. "I'm not playing today—gotta sore arm."

"Then why bother to come over?" she asked sweetly.—American Legion Weekly.



The Quest for the Fountain of Health

By Mildred E. Dallinger

ONCE upon a time there were two children, a little girl named Peggy and her brother, Paul. These children lived in a beautiful home. They had toys, and a pretty garden to play in. But they played very little in this lovely garden, and their toys stood in the corner sad and neglected. They used to sit in the window and watch other children at play. How much Peggy and Paul wished that they felt like running, dancing, playing ball, and enjoying themselves as their friends did.

One evening the children were sitting on the piazza watching the sunset. The color of the sky was beautiful; the clouds were floating by, making many different shapes and forms. How many of you have ever seen the clouds form shapes of animals or trees or other things? These clouds which Peggy and Paul were watching began to form letters and then a word.

S-E-E-K—"why, that spells 'seek,'" exclaimed Peggy, jumping up. "Look, Paul, do you see?" "Yes," cried Paul excitedly, "I can read more—it says, 'Seek—the Fountain—of—Health.'" "The Fountain of Health," exclaimed Peggy, "what do you suppose that is, and where is it?" "It sounds interesting. Do you suppose there really is one?" asked Paul. "Yes," answered Peggy. "Let's start now and hunt for the Fountain of Health." "It's too late now. What do you say if we go to bed and get up early tomorrow morning and start looking for it?" said Paul.

The morning was bright and beautiful. The sun was shining and the birds were singing. As the children walked out through their garden into the apple orchard, they heard a robin singing. He just seemed to say "Follow me. Follow me."

So Peggy and Paul followed Robin Red Breast as he flew from tree to tree, and led them through the orchard and on into a beautiful wood. Finally they came to the edge of a pond. There they found a number of robins having a glorious bath in the water.

"Our daily morning bath," chirped Robin Red Breast.

"Boo, that water looks cold," exclaimed Peggy.

"Do you know where the Fountain of Health is?" asked Paul.

"No, I never heard of it," answered Robin Red Breast. "But I will tell you a secret of bird land. Keeping clean and drinking plenty of clean fresh water helps to keep robins well and strong."

Peggy and Paul were disappointed not to find the Fountain of Health, and so left the happy little robins and wandered on across the fields. Soon they met Speckle Hen with her family of chicks. "Can you tell us where to find the Fountain of Health?" asked Peggy. "No, I am afraid I can't," replied Mother Hen. "But don't you think my family looks healthy? See what they are eating. Every morning they have cereal and milk for breakfast." "Every morning," exclaimed both children. "We don't eat it at our house."

"I am surprised," said Mother Hen. "I thought everyone ate cereal and milk. I think it would do you good. My children like it and it makes them lively and happy and helps them to run and play." "We are looking for a real fountain," said Paul, impatiently. "Let's hunt further." The children were again disappointed. They thought that Speckle Hen could not teach them anything so they left her and her happy family and walked on.

Just then a beautiful Collie Dog came charging down the path.

"Where are you going?" asked Paul.

The Collie, whose name was Sport, replied that he was on his way to the Food Pageant.

"Oh, take us with you," cried the children.

"All right, come along," said Sport and he started off at a high speed and soon was far ahead of the children. But he turned back to meet them.

"What is the trouble, can't you run fast?" he asked.

"No," replied the children breathlessly.

Sport regarded them carefully. "I see you do not look very strong. Follow along this path until you come to a flower garden. I must run ahead. I play out of doors every day and like to run a lot."

After walking what seemed a long, long way, the two children came to a beautiful garden. It was a lovely garden, filled with roses and other beautiful flowers and in the center was a fountain playing. Paul spied Sport waiting for them so they went over and sat by him on the soft grass.

Presently they saw some figures moving at the other end of the garden. As they came nearer the children could see that one was a

bottle of milk which seemed to have a head and arms and legs. It marched right up in front of them.

"Who are you?" asked Paul.

"I," said the Bottle of Milk with a knowing look, "am Captain Milk."

"Who are your friends?" asked Peggy, for she could see that there were others coming along the path.

"These are the other members of the Carpenter Family," replied Captain Milk.

"Let me introduce you to Freddie Fish, Eddie Eggs, Charlie Cheese and Monty Meat. If you will play with us, we will help you to have good strong muscles so you can run and play ball. See the tools we carry. That is because we are carpenters and build up your muscles. Do you think you would like to play with the Carpenter Family?"

"Yes, I am sure we should," cried both the children eagerly.

"I'll tell you a secret of the Carpenter Family," said Captain Milk. "The day you play with Freddie Fish, do not play with the others except Captain Milk. I will play with you any time you wish and make you a good playmate. But play with each of the others one at a time. Each can do his work much better alone and makes a much better playmate for you. You will all have a better time. Will you try to remember?"

"Yes, we will," cried Peggy and Paul.

Then the Captain and the Carpenter Family marched around the garden and away.

Presently something else claimed the attention of the children. A May pole was being put up and there was Captain Milk again and many others with him. Before beginning the May pole dance, Captain Milk brought his friends over to be introduced.

First there was a fat little figure who bowed and said in a soft voice, "I am Bobby Butter."

Next a crisp voice announced, "I am Billie Bacon."

Rollie Rolled Oats was next and Polly Potato blinked her eyes at Peggy and Paul as she gave her name. Ollie Orange and Artie Apple both looked very sweet as they bowed and gave their names.

Then Captain Milk spoke, "We are all members of the Energy Family. We are all very lively as you see," for now all were laughing and running toward the May pole. "May you play with us each day and you will be lively too," shouted Captain Milk as he clapped his hands.

A noise from overhead startled the children and looking up into the tree, they were surprised to find Wise Owl looking down at them. He shook his head and said gravely, "You both look tired. Did you go to bed early last night?"

"No, we don't like to go to bed early," said Paul.

"Hoo, Hoo. I thought so," replied Wise Owl. "You better lie down under this tree and have a nap."

Peggy and Paul were glad to hear this suggestion, for they both felt tired and sleepy. The grass felt soft and comfortable and they were soon fast asleep.

When they awoke, greatly refreshed, Wise Owl was still watching them. "Hoo, Hoo, Hoo, you look better," he said. "Better go to bed early after this and rest in the day time too. It will do you good."

"Do you know where the Fountain of Health is?" asked Paul.

Wise Owl shook his head but pointed in the direction of the pasture. As the children looked they spied a dear little Bossy Calf approaching and they ran toward her.

"Can you tell us where to find the Fountain of Health?" asked Peggy.

"Of course," said Bossy Calf. "It is my mother. She is the Foster Mother of the World, the Fountain of Health. She eats grass and hay and drinks pure water and makes milk, the Captain of all Foods."

"Hurrah, we are at the end of our journey, take us to her," cried the happy children.

Buttercup was lazily chewing her cud as the children drew near. But she welcomed them kindly. "Welcome, little boy and girl.

"I'm glad you've come to see me,

For I can see you need my help,

If strong you want to be."

"Are you really the Fountain of Health?" asked Peggy.

"Yes," said Buttercup. "That is what they call me because I make Milk who is everybody's friend. He will help you to be well and strong, to feel happy and like playing and running."

"Oh, that's what we want," exclaimed Paul.

"But you must help too," said Buttercup. "Captain Milk can't do everything alone. He makes a good playmate and will do all he can to help you."

"Tell us what we can do," cried Peggy.

"It is a game," said Buttercup. "Play it every day. It is fine. I will tell you the rules."

"Visit the Bath Tub three times a week. Splash and enjoy it.

"Make Minnehaha, Laughing Water, your friend. You need her to drink—four glasses each day and also to keep clean. Always wash your hands before eating.

"Play out of doors part of every day.

"Each night start early for the Land of Nod—have eleven hours sleep at night and rest for a while after meals.

"Don't forget your friends of the Food Pageant, especially fruits, vegetables, cereals.

"Mr. Tooth Brush is another good friend. You will need his help at least twice each day.

"And last, but not least, Captain Milk—drink three glasses each day."

"Why we have heard of most of those things today," exclaimed Peggy.

"Why of course," said Paul. "I guess Robin Red Breast, Speckle Hen, Tabby Cat and Sport knew something after all. Let's go home and start to play the game. I want to feel strong enough to play ball."

"And I want to play too," said Peggy. "I am going to start with a glass of milk."

So happily the children started for home and they are still playing with Captain Milk, Carry Carrots, Mr. Tooth Brush and all the others.

I Thank You, Sir!

"When I crossed the ocean in my boyhood to seek my fortune in America, all the English I knew was, 'I thank you, sir,'" said a gentleman who is now a highly prosperous and respected American citizen.

"That one sentence served me in good stead. The Captain and crew of the vessel were Englishmen and it was marvelous how my 'I thank you, sir,' won smiles and kindness from them. It was the same when I reached New York. When other words failed me I could always say, 'I thank you, sir.' It was my passport and it opened many a door and many a heart to me."

My Six Words

Six little words lay claim to me each passing day:

I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

I ought,—that is the law God on my heart has written,

The mark for which my soul is with strong yearning smitten.

I must,—that is the bound set either side the way,

By nature and the world, so that I shall not stray.

I can,—that measures out the power entrusted me—

Of action, knowledge, art, skill and dexterity.

I will,—no higher crown on human head can rest:

'Tis freedom's signet seal upon the soul impressed.

I dare—is the device which on the seal you read,

By freedom's open door a bolt for time of need.

I may—among them all hovers uncertainly;

The moment must at last decide what it shall be.

I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may:

The six lay claim to one each hour of every day.

Teach me, Oh God! and then, then shall I know each day
That which I ought to do I must, can, will,
dare, may.



Social Items

Cumberland

Mr. Tom Gibson was a Cumberland business visitor several days this month.

The many friends of Johnny Gibbs were grieved to learn of his death at Salt Lake City, November 11th. This young man spent a number of years of his life in Cumberland, and had a host of friends who deeply regret his death.

The second Community dance of the season was given November 22nd at Cumberland No. 1 hall. The hostesses of the evening were Mrs. Geo. Blacker, Mrs. W. Walsh, Mrs. Con Rock and Mrs. Gus Puraiuon. A large crowd attended the dance after which a delicious lunch was served.

The Cumberland school of No. 1 Camp gave an Operetta entitled the "Love Pirates of Hawaii" on November 25th. The efforts of both teachers and pupils were rewarded by the large audience which attended the operetta.

Mrs. Frank Berriu was called to Evanston on account of the death of her nephew.

The Mask Ball given by Cumberland Clowns Thanksgiving eve was a tremendous success. The four prizes were awarded to Miss Reso Gaspard, Mrs. Jack Goddard, Henry Goddard and Edith Martin.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Georgis passed away at their home November 12th. The community extends its sympathy to the bereaved parents.

Mr. J. O. Thompson passed away at the L. C. M. hospital at Kemmerer, November 24th. He had been ill at his home in Cumberland for a number of weeks before going to the hospital. His death was a great shock to the community. Funeral services were held at Cumberland, Wednesday the 26th.

The Cumberland Band gave a Carnival dance at No. 2 Hall Thursday, December 4th. A large crowd was there to throw confetti and enjoy the evening.

Philip Bovero, son of Mr. Bovero the band leader, has accepted a position as Assistant Bookkeeper in the U. P. Store.

Miss Bernice Starkey gave a very interesting demonstration at the hall Thursday afternoon. A large number of ladies were there to receive the benefits of her interesting work. Miss Starkey established a ladies' sewing club.

Mr. George Blacker and Miss Ina Purainea were married Wednesday, December 3rd, at the residence of Bishop Wilde at No. 2 camp. The young folks and their homes all prepared to begin housekeeping. We all wish them much success and happiness.

Among the recent radio owners are Mr. and Mrs. James Reese and Mr. Jack Bagnell.

Reliance

The Women's Club gave their regular monthly card party on December 2nd, Mrs. Chas. Spence, and Mrs. L. Sory making the high score and Mrs. Pat Burns and Dave Freeman winning the consolation prize. After the card game the ladies served hot chili and coffee.

The Union Sunday School is preparing for a Xmas program on Sunday, December 21st, the Latter Day Saints Sunday School will also hold their Xmas program on Sunday, December 21st.

The Vocational school has had a very good attendance. There are about 16 enrolled in the electrical class and the same number in the Americanization class.

Mr. Jas. Sullivan is a patient at the Wyoming General Hospital, suffering from rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Halls are the proud parents of a baby boy.

The Reliance people are enjoying the Radio Concerts at the Union Hall every evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gibbs, and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McPhie have been in Salt Lake City to attend the funeral of Mrs. Gibbs' and Mr. McPhie's mother, who died December 10th.

K. Tamanaha, who is a patient at the Wyoming General Hospital suffering from a broken neck, is reported as getting along nicely.

Malcolm Green, Jr., is again able to be around after an illness of about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Roberts enjoyed a visit from Mr. Roberts' parents from Cokeville.

Mr. John Bueho is off work with a sprained ankle.

The Women's Club is preparing to give a dance for the children New Year's day and treat each child to ice cream.

We have another of our citizens who has his face all plastered up like a sign board, caused by going to town after some one had moved the road. We understand he was pinned under the car for about 30 minutes, and he was very lucky that it did not take more than some sticking plaster to fix him up.



Jack Higgins, son of W. J. Higgins of Superior, at ten weeks.

Superior

Now arrivals in Superior:

Mr. and Mrs. John Wales—a boy, December 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Holt—a girl, December 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kladianos—a boy, December 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Angeli—a boy, December 8th.

The Ladies' Guild met at the home of Mrs. L. A. Hay on December 11th. Mrs. Course of the Cathedral Home at Laramie was the guest of the guild.

Mr. D. R. MacKay and Mr. W. B. Clark attended the Consistory at Cheyenne, December 8th-11th.

Mrs. Erny Swanson was called to Evanston December 12th on account of the illness of her sister.

The new school house is nearing completion. The furniture is in the building and everything will be ready for use after the Christmas holidays.

"Safety Tom" has been around giving us something to "THINK" about—he has his sign every place that a fat man can climb.

The first skaters of the season were out exercising on the morning of December 13th. Several men have worked on the pond on idle days and repaired the bank which was damaged by the "flood." The pond will soon be completed and when it is frozen everyone will be out to try their luck (?)

Hanna

Miss Irene Chessbrough of Laramie, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. Penny, November 9th.

Dean Thornberry of Laramie held Communion services in St. Mark's Episcopal Church Sunday, November 2nd, and christened the infant daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. James Bamber.

Funeral services were held in St. Mark's Episcopal Church for Lucille May Clarke, aged 6 weeks. Sympathy is extended to the parents in the loss of this beloved child.

Mr. Scott of Medicine Bow has purchased the almost new six cylinder Buick sedan recently owned by Mr. James Meekin of Hanna.

Saturday, November 29th, was a happy day for Charles Mellor who with a few other boys went out to see what was in their traps. Charlie came back about 4 o'clock with a beautiful lynx slung over his shoulder.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Groves have called their baby boy Sydney Calvin.

St. Margaret's Guild held a bake sale in the U. P. Store, December 1st, and cleared about fourteen dollars.

Charles Higgins of Rawlins spent Thanksgiving with relatives in Hanna.

The G. F. H. held a bazaar and bake sale in the First Aid room, Saturday, November 29th.

St. Joseph's Guild held a bazaar and bake sale in First Aid room, Saturday, November 22nd.

The dance given for the children of the Cathedral Home in Laramie, under the auspices of the Episcopal Church in the Opera House, Wednesday, November 26th, was a decided success.

Gaudma Jones has received word from Colorado announcing the marriage of her grand-daughter, Willetta Jackson, once a resident here.

Mr. and Mrs. Moffat have taken the house recently occupied by Mr. A. Klasseu.

Mrs. J. W. Jackson will leave Thursday for Denver to spend a few days shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Henningson will spend their Christmas holidays in California visiting relatives.

Mary Collins who sprained her ankle while playing basket ball recently, is able to be about again and is now back in school.

Mr. Thos. Rees has purchased a fine new radio and many pleasant evenings are spent in their home with friends, "listening in."

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MATINEE 4:10 NIGHT 8:00

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POLA NEGRI in

"Forbidden Paradise"

FRI., SAT., JAN. 9-10

TOM MIX

and his Wonder Horse, "Tony," in

"Oh You Tony"

THU., FRI., SAT., JAN. 15-16-17

Earnest Torrence, Jack Holt
and Lois Wilson in

EMERSON HOUGH'S

"NORTH OF 36"

Greater than "The Covered Wagon"

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

5 P. M.—EVERY SUNDAY—8 P. M.

S. Dickinson, C. D. Williamson, W. S. Milliken, Robert Milliken, Roy Pittman, J. W. Jackson, W. W. Hughes, Joe Woods, Tom Love, Dr. C. G. Stoddard, and T. H. Butler, attended the Consistory Reunion held at Cheyenne, December 8th to 11th, and report the dedicatory ceremonies well attended and very impressive.

John Pickup, electrician helper at No. 2 Mine, met with a painful but not serious accident on Friday, December 12th, by stepping on a piece of coal and turning his ankle.

The following new arrivals have been reported since our last issue:

Mr. and Mrs. Heber Morris—twins (boy and girl).
Mr. and Mrs. M. Ladakis—twins (both girls).
Mr. and Mrs. Ed Mattingly—boy.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tsismanos—boy.
Mr. and Mrs. John Pickup—boy.

Rock Springs

Jack Ramsey, H. H. Hamblin and Albert Hardin were summoned to serve as jurymen at Greon River, for the session of the district court, held the later part of November.

Mrs. Thos. Overy's grandmother, Mrs. Cunningham, of the Bridger Valley, died on November 25th and was brought to Rock Springs for burial.

Several of our employes attended the meeting of the local chapter of the Mining Institute, held at Reliance on Thursday, November 20th. Papers were read by F. L. McCarty and O. E. Swann.

Our electrician, F. B. McVicar, has been making some electrical tests at Reliance, Winton and Superior the past two weeks.

Tony Velega, who has been employed at No. 4 Mine for a number of years, left the last of November for Sacramento, California, where he expects to locate.

Victor Blakoley has gone to Illinois, called there by the illness of his infant daughter.

John Isaacson, tracklayer in No. 4 Mine, has left for Michigan, where he expects to spend the winter with his family.

A small fire damaged the kitchen roof at the home of Joe Dyett, Third street, on the morning of November 24th.

Our chief electrician, G. L. Stovenson, has been sick the past week with a severe cold.

S. Setogawa, loader in No. 2 Mine, had his foot bruised on December 9th by a fall of coal.

Thos. Gillies and family have gone to Colorado, where they expect to locate.

Mrs. Jas. V. Macdonald, Sr., has been seriously ill at her home in the Barracks, the past ten days.

C. R. Lusher has moved into the house vacated by Thos. Gillies.

Mrs. George Carr is recovering from a sprained ankle, which resulted from a fall.

Thomas Love, of Hanna, was transacting business here the past week.

Walter Short and family, of Reliance, visited recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Ward.

John McKing, of the J. A. Roebling's Sons' Company, called at the Mine Office on December 9th.

Charles Kruger has been at home for the past ten days with the gripe.

John Ravich and George Sulenta are in the Wyoming General Hospital, they being injured in an automobile accident which occurred on November 28th.

F. L. McCarty has been home the past week, with a very sore throat.

A dance is to be held at the Slovenski Dom on December 13th for the benefit of the Wyoming League for the Preservation of Fish and Game.

N. B. Studebaker, of Denver, representing the McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., has been here the past week taking subscriptions for the "Coal Age."

Wm. Woods, Foreman at No. 4 Mine, has been confined to his home with the la gripe, but is now able to be about again.

The Edison battery lamps are now being used in all of our mines.

A crew of men are busy at the Ball Park preparing an embankment to hold enough water for a skating pond. They expect to have some skating there within the next ten days.

J. V. McClelland, our Ventilation Engineer, has been in Hanna and Superior the past two weeks.

Alma Marie Megeath, the niece of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Outsen, had her arm broken by falling from the steps at the Yellowstone School, on Tuesday, December 9th.

John Hoem, who has been employed on the Tipple at "E" Plano, left on December 2nd for the state of Washington, where he expects to locate.

Mr. A. E. Hill who formerly managed the U. P. Hotel at No. 4, paid us a visit the first of December. Mr. Hill is now located at Medford, Oregon, where he has a fruit farm.

Winton

A surprise party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jackson in their honor Wednesday night, November 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. August Sarlotti and four children of Rock Springs were dinner guests of Mrs. Linda Porko, Thanksgiving day.

Friday night, November 28th, about one hundred and seventy guests assembled at the hall in response to invitations issued for the farewell party given for James Henderson and a birthday surprise party given for Anna Herd, niece of Mr. Henderson. The out-of-town guests were Margaret Parr, Florence Brown, Minnie Willieon and parents, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Willieon.

Mrs. Ole Odee entertained at a birthday party on Saturday afternoon, November 29th, in honor of her daughter, Opal, who was seven years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Preston gave a party Saturday night, November 29th.

Dr. and Mrs. Cody entertained Mr. and Mrs. Al Kalinowski at dinner at their home Wednesday evening, November 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wiley entertained Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Carter and children at Thanksgiving dinner.

M. Louis Kalinowski of Parko spent the Thanksgiving holidays at the home of William Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rosene and son spent Thanksgiving in Rock Springs at the home of H. W. Moss.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Evans spent Thanksgiving at the Sorenson home in Rock Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reese were Thanksgiving guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. James.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dodds enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner at the John Hudak home in Rock Springs.

Miss Lucile Finney and Mr. Rudolph Menghini were Thanksgiving dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Merrill.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Kaul had as their dinner guests on Thanksgiving day Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stevens and family.

Charles Gordon spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Salt Lake City with his family.

Mrs. Ole Odee was hostess to the "Health Class" on Wednesday afternoon, December 10th. Mrs. Mabel Glasgow gave an interesting "Health Talk."

Mrs. Roy Rosene entertained the members of the Needlecraft Club on Wednesday afternoon, December 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hordguertel gave a party at their home Friday night, December 12th.

Mrs. Van Hausen entertained the "Health Class" on Wednesday, December 17th. Mrs. Mabel Glasgow gave a "Health Talk."

Mr. Floyd Kaul has a new radio set.

Mr. James Henderson left Saturday, November 29th, for Rolapp, Utah, where he is now located.

The school program and dance given at the hall Friday night, December 19th, was a very successful affair. The proceeds will go towards buying books for a school library for the children of Megenth. Mr. Bruggeman's orchestra of Rock Springs was present and played some wonderful selections. Miss Minnie Willison sang two pleasing vocal numbers. The teachers, Mr. Hoffmeyer, Miss Finney and Mrs. Redfern, are to be highly complimented on the excellent manner in which they managed the entertainment, the success of which is due largely to their untiring efforts and hard work. Mrs. John Henderson was the accompanist. The teachers wish to extend thanks to the public for its patronage.

Tono

The Community Club Bazaar, held in the Hall on December 3rd, was very successful from every standpoint. Every article offered for sale was taken shortly after the doors opened and a goodly sum of money resulted for the use of the Club in providing a Christmas treat for all the children of Tono.

The Merry Wives Club met at the home of Mrs. E. C. Way. Fancy work was in order until 10 P. M. when a delicious luncheon was served by the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Murray were dinner guests of the Olesons at Centralia recently.

Miss Georgina Barber entertained twenty of her friends on her sixth birthday. The evening was spent in playing games, with luncheon being served by Mrs. George Barber.

Little Venotia Dahlstrom entertained recently in honor of her fourth birthday.

Tono Musical Club made its debut to a packed house December 11th. After several weeks of hard work the club was able to present a group of chorus selections, reading, solos, trios, quartettes and dances. Among those most enthusiastically received was the mixed trio, a male quartette, and the Kitchen Band, the latter under the leadership of Mme. Davis, who proved herself a real lady under severe strain. The members of the club were pleased with the appreciation shown and have accepted an invitation to appear at the Bucoda Opera House next week.

Prof. Barton has announced school programs for December 19th. Because of lack of space, the various grades will alternate in the limelight during the entire day.

Mrs. E. C. Way and daughter, Lucille, were guests of Olympia friends at a theatre party in the new Capitol, the attraction being Kolb and Dill in "Politics."

A number of the men are nursing painful injuries as the result of an attempt to secure a live Gooduck for Hon. T. H. Gaines of Rock Springs. More suitable apparatus is being assembled and a special throat-latch is under construction by Master Mechanic Turnbull. As soon as the tides are favorable another effort will be made to capture a yearling and a duckling which will be preserved for exhibition in Rock Springs. The more mature members of this ferocious tribe cannot be successfully handled at this time of the year.

The recent cold snap—down to 12 above zero—played havoc with auto radiators and plumbing.



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Cumberland

Rock Springs

Hanna

Superior

Reliance

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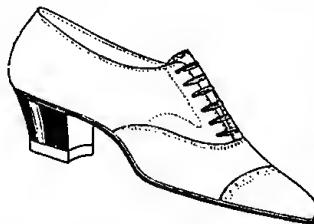
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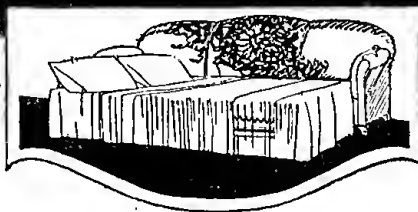
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